SL TONIGHT PRESENTS

Featuring SPURS JACKSON...

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

10¢ FPI NO. 41

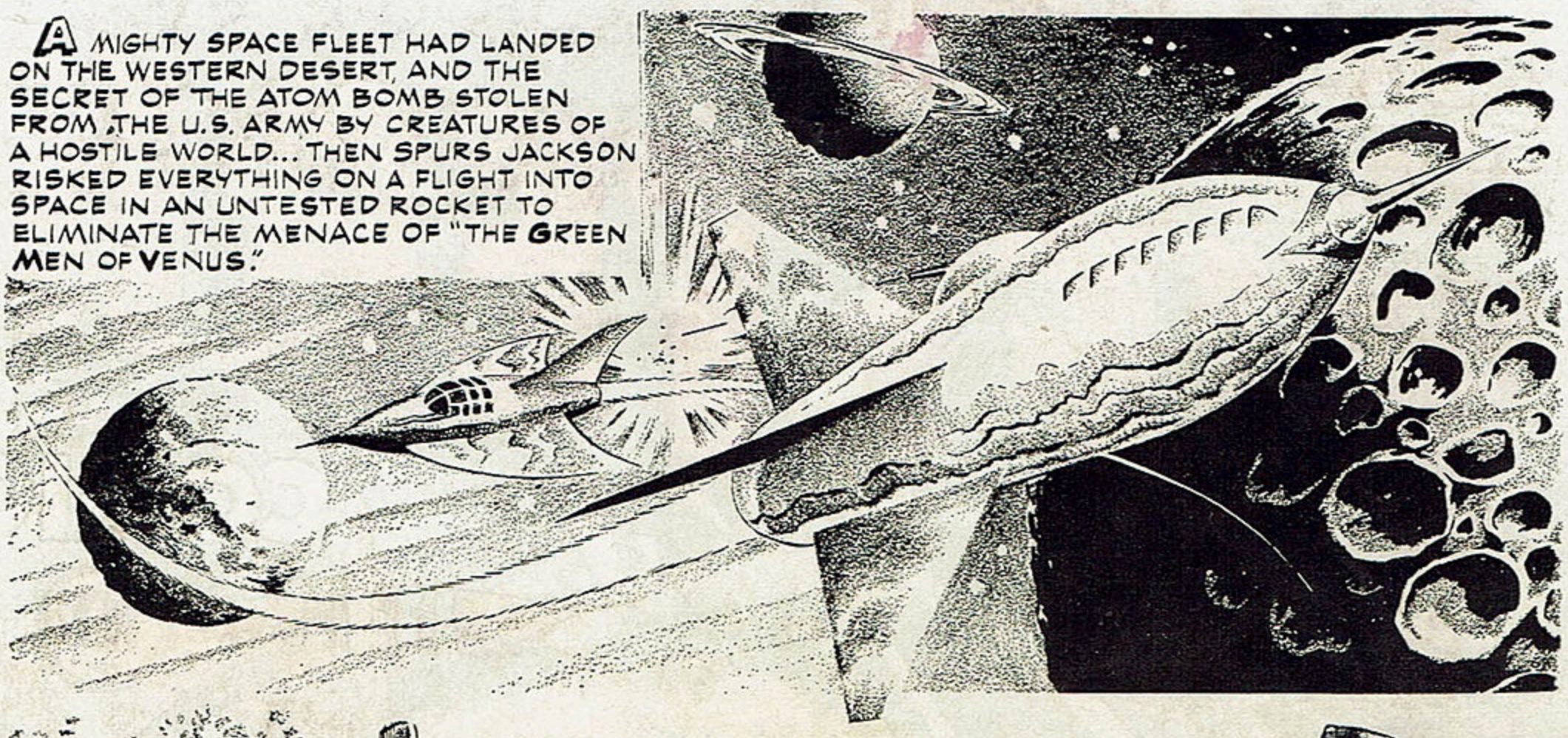
Featuring SPURS JACKSON AND HIS SPACE VIGILANTES

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

10¢ NO. 41 FPI

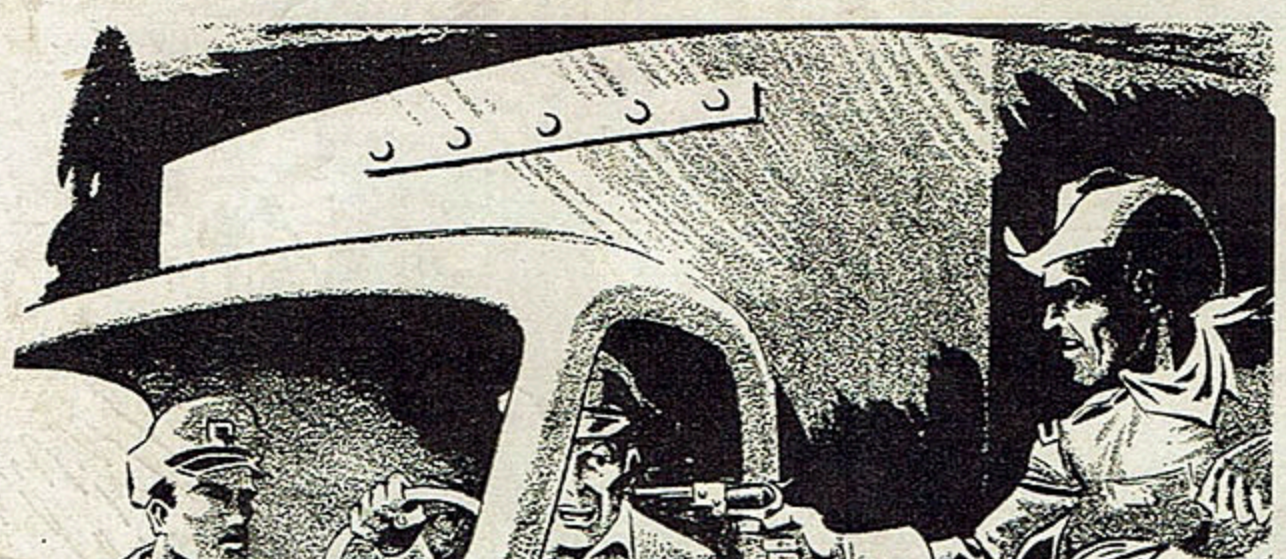
STAN. CAMPBELL

A MIGHTY SPACE FLEET HAD LANDED ON THE WESTERN DESERT, AND THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB STOLEN FROM THE U.S. ARMY BY CREATURES OF A HOSTILE WORLD... THEN SPURS JACKSON RISKED EVERYTHING ON A FLIGHT INTO SPACE IN AN UNTESTED ROCKET TO ELIMINATE THE MENACE OF "THE GREEN MEN OF VENUS."



WHEN THE WARLORDS OF MARS AND VENUS, THEIR OWN FORCES SHATTERED, SENT THE EVIL LITTLE MOON MEN TO ATTACK WESTERN AMERICA FROM BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, IT WAS UP TO SPURS JACKSON'S SPACE VIGILANTES TO STAMP OUT THE "DANGER BELOW."

STAN. CAMPBELL



WHAT WAS BEHIND AN ATTACK BY CIVIL WAR CAVALRY ON A 1952 TRUCK CONVOY TRAVELING A MODERN AMERICAN HIGHWAY? IT WAS UP TO STRONG BOW TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF "THE PHANTOM HIJACKERS."

WHEN "HARDLUCK" CADY WAS BEATEN AND ROBBED OF HIS ROULETTE WINNINGS, IT STARTED HANK ROPER ON THE TRAIL OF "THE JINX OF BLACK RIDGE RANCH."

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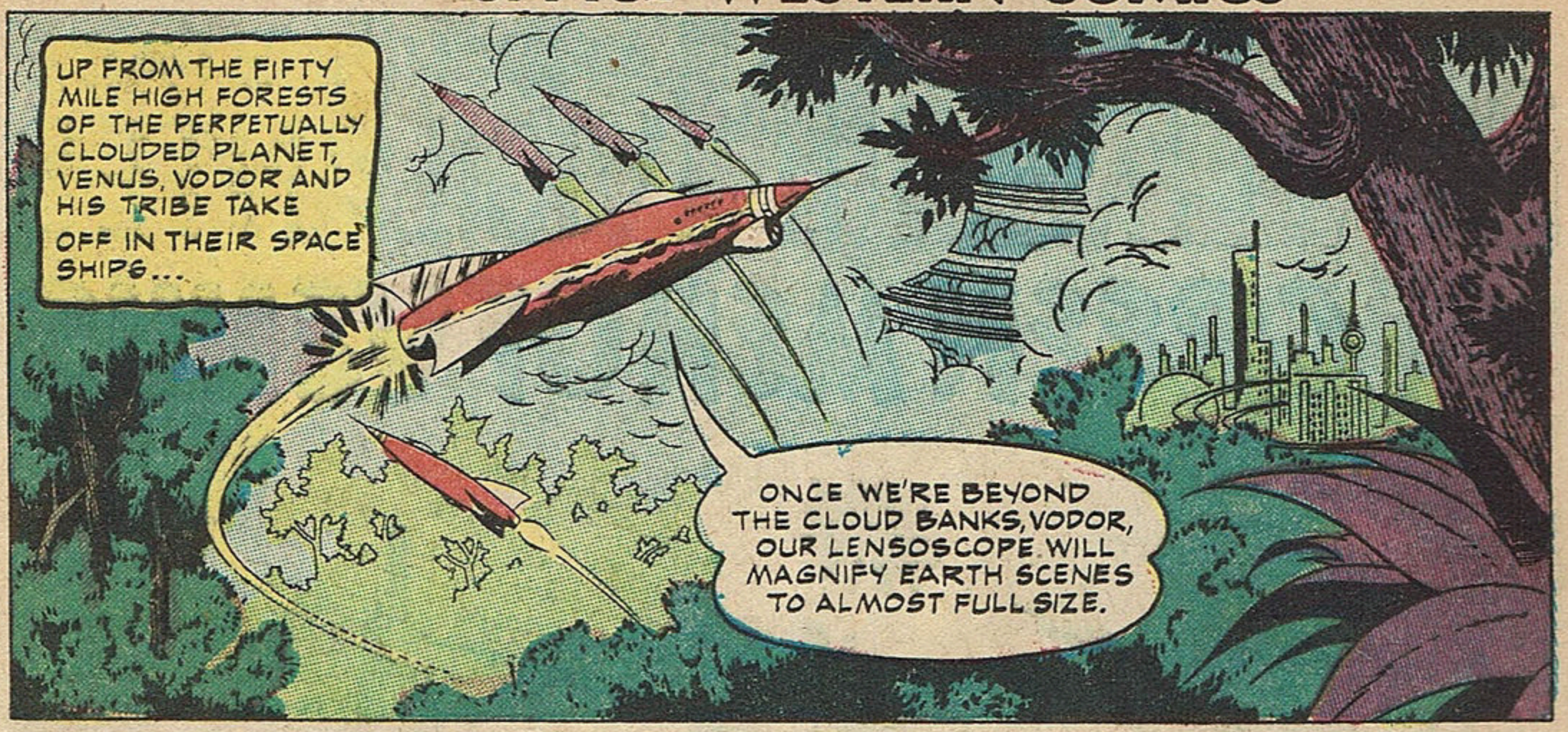
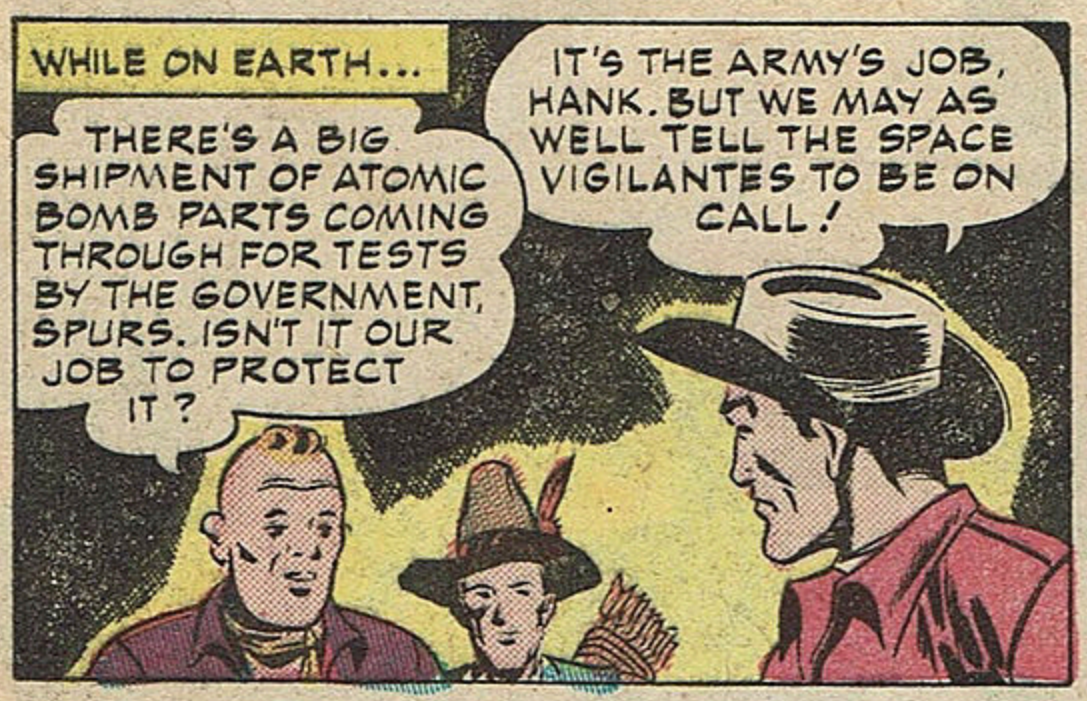
SPACE WESTERN COMICS


UP FROM THE FIFTY MILE HIGH FORESTS OF THE PERPETUALLY CLOUDED PLANET, VENUS, VODOR AND HIS TRIBE TAKE OFF IN THEIR SPACE SHIPS...
ONCE WE'RE BEYOND THE CLOUD BANKS, VODOR, OUR LENSOSCOPE WILL MAGNIFY EARTH SCENES TO ALMOST FULL SIZE.


WHILE ON EARTH...
THERE'S A BIG SHIPMENT OF ATOMIC BOMB PARTS COMING THROUGH FOR TESTS BY THE GOVERNMENT, SPURS. ISN'T IT OUR JOB TO PROTECT IT?
IT'S THE ARMY'S JOB, HANK. BUT WE MAY AS WELL TELL THE SPACE VIGILANTES TO BE ON CALL!

IT'S GOOD YOU PULLED IN THE LENSOSCOPE, U-X. THE FRICTION OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WOULD HAVE MELTED IT LIKE OUR OUTER COATING OF EXPENDABLE PLASTIC.
LOOK... A WHOLE SHOWER OF SHOOTING STARS! I NEVER SAW SUCH BRIGHT ONES!
IT'S GETTING TOWARD DAWN, AND THAT'S WHEN THEY ARE ALWAYS BRIGHTEST.

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

SPURS JACKSON AND HIS SPACE VIGILANTES

BATTLE THE GREEN MEN OF VENUS

STAN. CAMPBELL

THIS STRANGE STORY OF THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE BEGAN ON SPURS JACKSON'S ARIZONA RANCH....

YES, IT'S AN ATOM-POWERED, ONE MAN SPACE SHIP. IF IT TESTS RIGHT, I'LL BUILD A FLEET OF THEM. I'LL NEED YOU AS SPACE VIGILANTES, ONCE INTER-PLANETARY TRAVEL BEGINS.

WE'VE COME HERE TO GET ORGANIZED RIGHT NOW, SPURS!

WE HAVE DEFINITELY DETERMINED THAT THE RECENT SEISMOGRAPH DISTURBANCES ARE NOT DUE TO SUN SPOTS... BUT TO ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS ON THE PLANET, EARTH!

SUMMON OUR SPACE FLEET. WE'LL ATTEND TO THIS AT ONCE!

SPURS JACKSON WAS PLENTY SHARP WITH HIS PREDICTION... AT THAT VERY MOMENT TROUBLE WAS BREWING ON THE PLANET VENUS!

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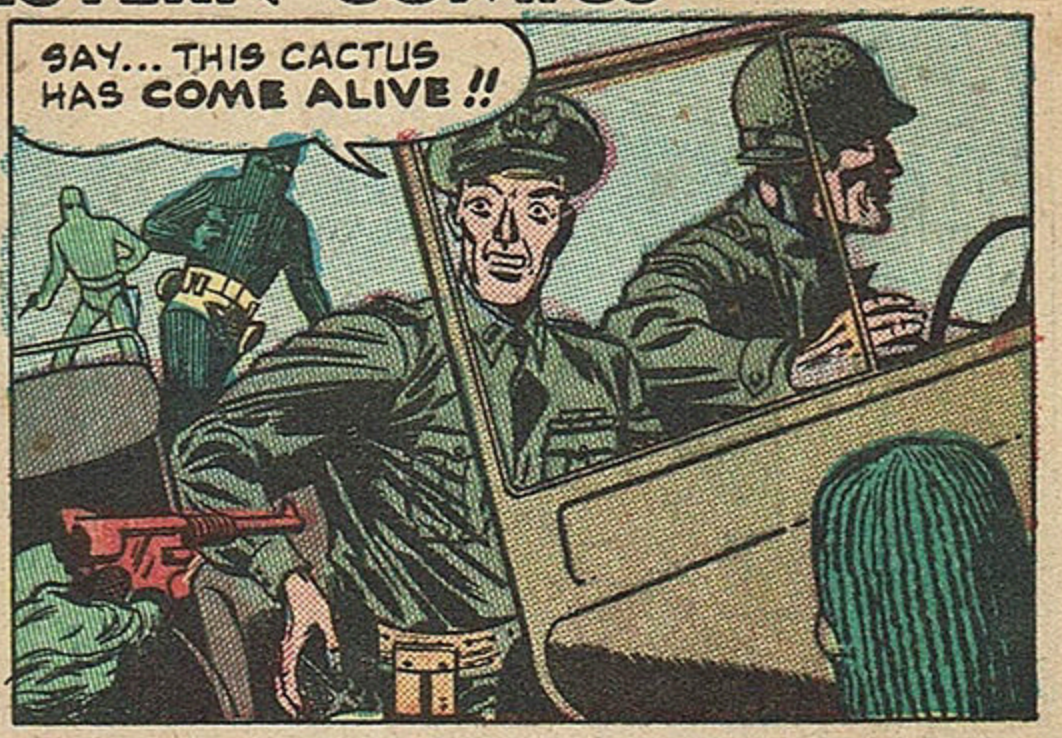
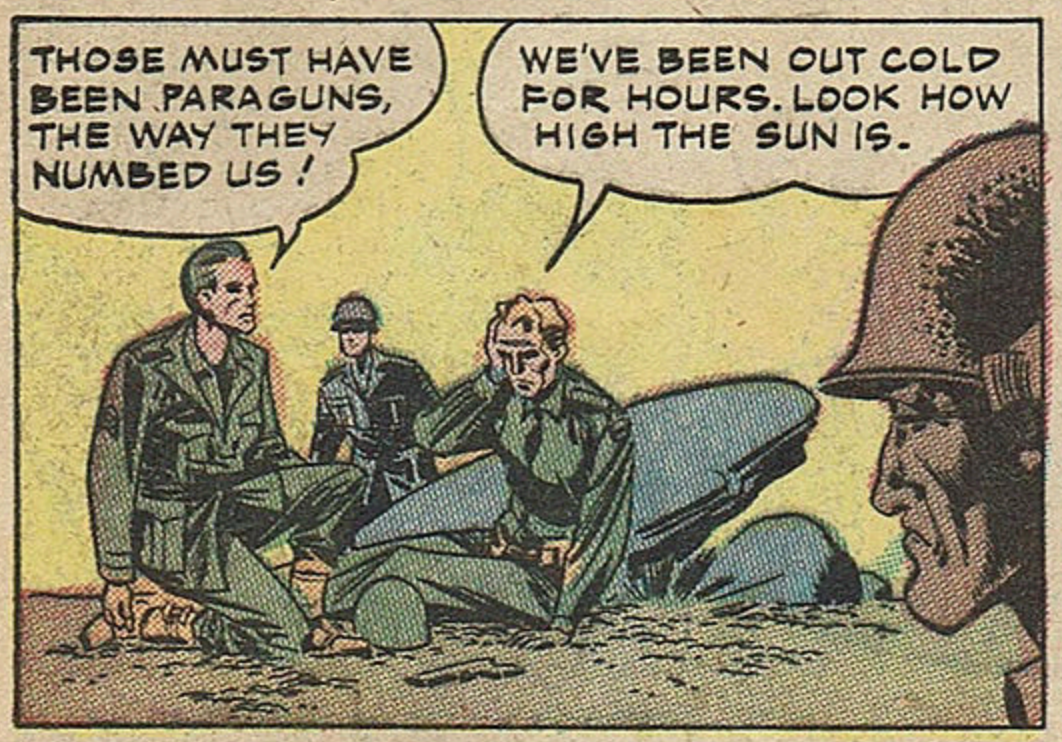




HERE'S CONFIRMATION OF THE REPORT THAT THE TRUCKS WITH ATOMIC BOMB EQUIPMENT WERE STOLEN BY A TRIBE OF CACTUS PEOPLE !!
ORDER ALL JET PLANES TO SCAN THE TERRAIN!
COM'DING GENERAL 701ST DIVISION

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

AT SPURS' RANCH...

SPURS! COME QUICK AND HEAR THE RADIO REPORTS... GREEN MEN FROM SPACE HAVE GRABBED OUR ATOMIC BOMB EQUIPMENT AND SET UP A STRONGHOLD ON THE DESERT! IT'S A JOB FOR THE **VIGILANTES!**

PILOTS OF JET PLANES ARE BEING NUMBED AT THEIR CONTROLS! INFANTRY ARE WITHDRAWING TO ENTRENCHMENTS TO ESCAPE THE PARAGUNS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HANK! CALL OUT THE VIGILANTES!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO LICK THE GREEN MEN... THAT'S TO RUSH THEM! SO GET STARTED AND I'LL COME ALONG WITH A LAST MINUTE SMOKE-SCREEN!

LOOK, VODOR, STUPID EARTHIAN VEHICLES APPROACH TO THE ATTACK FROM BEYOND THE TRENCHES WHERE THE SOLDIERS RETREATED

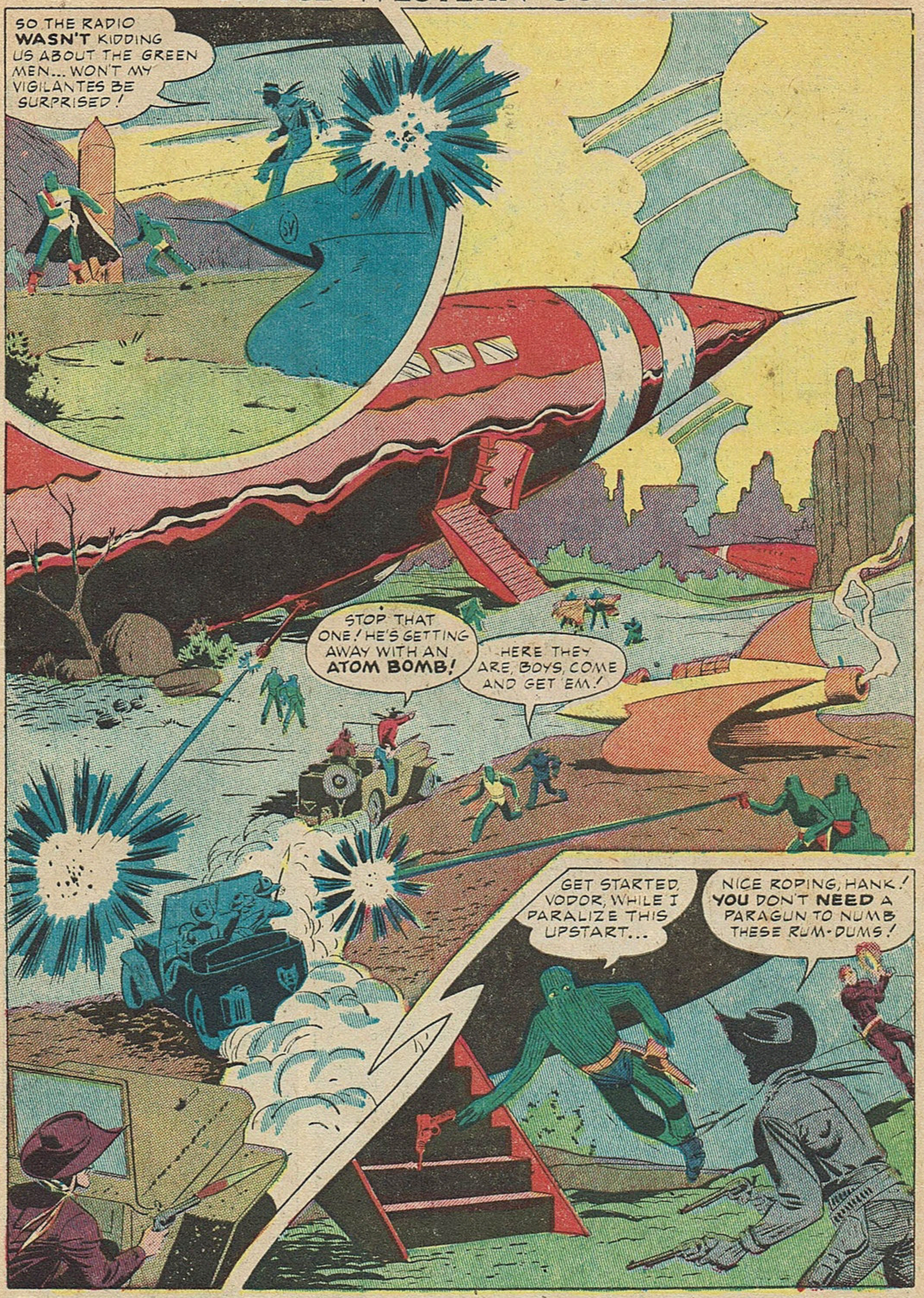
TRAIN THE PARAGUNS ON THEM AND BLAST THEM AT CLOSE RANGE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KICKED UP ALL THAT DUST, BUT IT HID THOSE VEHICLES FROM OUR PARA-GUNNERS!

THE JEEPS MUST BE ALMOST THERE BY NOW... I CAN OVERTAKE THEM IN A FEW SECONDS. I GUESS NOBODY EVER TRIED TO USE A SPACE SHIP AS A HEDGE-HOPPER, BUT HERE GOES!

WHAT WAS THAT... ONE OF OUR JETS?

NOT A CHANCE. COMPARED TO THAT, A JET PLANE WOULD BE LIKE A SNAIL GOING BACKWARD!


SO THE RADIO WASN'T KIDDING US ABOUT THE GREEN MEN... WON'T MY VIGILANTES BE SURPRISED!
STOP THAT ONE! HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH AN ATOM BOMB!
HERE THEY ARE, BOYS, COME AND GET 'EM!
GET STARTED, VODOR, WHILE I PARALIZE THIS UPSTART...
NICE ROPING, HANK! YOU DON'T NEED A PARAGUN TO NUMB THESE RUM-DUMS!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

BUT THERE GOES THEIR HEAD MAN... OFF TO HIS HOME PLANET! I'D BETTER GRAB MY SPACECHASER AND FOLLOW!

NICE SHOOTING, STRONG BOW! I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU.

WELL, WE'VE SETTLED THE GREENIES... EXCEPT FOR THOSE THAT GOT AWAY WITH THE BOMB!

LET'S HOPE THAT SPURS CATCHES THEM AND GETS IT BACK...

I'M PASSING OUR MOON ALREADY! WHEREVER WE'RE HEADED, WELL GET THERE FAST!

FROM THE SIZE OF THOSE CLOUD BANKS, THIS MUST BE THE PLANET VENUS! WELL, HERE GOES... AND LET'S HOPE MY ATOMIC BRAKES WORK...!

THE BRAKES ARE HOLDING EVEN BETTER THAN I HOPED, BUT LOOK AT THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE! I'VE GOT TO THINK, QUICK!!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

IF I WRECK MYSELF, IT'S STILL NO WORSE THAN GETTING BLASTED BY THE PARAGUNS!

JUST THE PROPER AMOUNT OF REVERSE ROCKET POWER AND I CAN BRING THE SHIP DOWN ON ONE OF THE PALACE BALCONIES.

HEAR THAT? OUR PARAGUNS HAVE FINISHED THE EARTHIAN! NOW, LET'S ANALYZE THIS EARTH BOMB AND SEE WHAT MAKES IT TICK...

SHHRRREEEEEEEEKK WHAM

I'LL TELL YOU WHY IT TICKS... IT HAS A CLOCK DEVICE TO DELAY ITS ACTION..

STAND BACK, EARTH FOOL... REMEMBER... I HAVE BUT TO PRESS THIS SWITCH TO DELIVER AN ATOMIC BLAST!

BUT YOU'RE NO LONGER ON EARTH!

YOU'RE BACK ON VENUS... REMEMBER? SO... I'LL JUST PRESS THIS SWITCH... MYSELF!!

CLICK!

THAT GIVES YOU JUST **FIVE MINUTES** TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO... ME, I'VE ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND!

TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC

YES...AND WE'LL NEED ALL OF THEM TO GET STARTED IN OUR OWN SPACE SHIPS!

MINUTES MUST BE A MEASURE OF EARTHIAN TIME...

BEFORE VODOR AND HIS CREW CAN GET FULLY AWAY, THE ATOM BOMB EXPLODES...

BUT SPURS, HEADED EARTHWARD, IS CLEAR AS THE MIGHTY BLAST MUSHROOMS UP FROM THE VENUSIAN CLOUDS...

HI, BOYS! I MISSED ARIZONA, COMPLETELY, AND LANDED HERE IN NEW YORK CITY... BUT WHY ARE **YOU** HERE IN CENTRAL PARK?

COME ALONG, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU...

WE BROUGHT THEM IN BY SPECIAL REQUEST. LET'S GO IN AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND...

ALL RIGHT. BUT THEN WE'LL HEAD FOR ARIZONA. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT MAY HAPPEN OUT THERE.

The HAYDEN PLANETARIUM ...Presents...

AN EXHIBIT OF THE CACTUS MEN OF VENUS, CAPTURED IN A RAID ON EARTH, BY THE SPACE VIGILANTES

THE END

THINGS WERE TOUGH ENOUGH ON THE BLACK RIDGE SHEEP RANCH EVEN BEFORE "HARD LUCK" CADY WON ENOUGH OF A STAKE AT GAMBLING TO QUIT THE OUTFIT... BUT THERE WAS A VICIOUS SCHEME BEHIND THE EASY MONEY, AS HANK ROPER DISCOVERED WHEN HE WENT TO WORK TO BREAK THE "JINX OF BLACK RIDGE RANCH"

THAT'S "HARD LUCK" CADY... FOREMAN OF THE BLACK RIDGE SHEEP RANCH OWNED BY NANCY WINSTEAD. HARD LUCK'S DOIN' WELL, HANK!

NOW THAT HE'S CHANGED HIS OWN LUCK, SHERIFF, MAYBE HE CAN SHAKE THE JINX FROM BLACK RIDGE RANCH!

STAN CAMPBELL

BOY! THIS TWO THOUSAND BUCKS WAS ALL I NEEDED TO SHAKE LOOSE OF BLACK RIDGE RANCH FOR KEEPS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, TIM? I'VE GOT BARNEY BYRNE POSTED UP AT BLACK RIDGE TO HANDLE WHAT COMES NEXT.

YOU SURE CALLED THE TURN, SILK!

SORRY, MISS NANCY, BUT I'M LEAVING. I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE SHORT HANDED.

WELL, BARNEY. THAT MAKES **YOU** MY FOREMAN!

I'LL GO TELL THE BOYS...

I'M FOREMAN NOW, BOYS. HARD LUCK WON HIMSELF A PILE AT THE LONG CHANCE, AND HE'S TAKING THE STREAMLINER EAST.

OH YEAH? WITH ALL THE DOUGH HE STILL OWES US? WE'LL SEE...!

LATER, ON THE WAY TO CATCH THE TRAIN...

COME ON, YOU! GET OUT AND SHELL OUT! WE WANT THAT CASH WE HEARD ABOUT!

TRY AND GET IT...YOU MAVERICKS!

WELL... WE TRIED...

AND WE GOT IT!

SHERIFF! A COUPLE OF GAZEBOS WITH MASKS GRABBED HARD LUCK WHILE I WAS DRIVING HIM TO CATCH THE STREAMLINER!

THAT SO? I'D BETTER BE GETTING OVER TO THE DEPOT... IN CASE **THEY'RE** TAKIN' THAT TRAIN, INSTEAD!

AS THE STREAMLINER IS ABOUT TO PULL OUT...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... **SKIPPING TOWN**? WE CAME HERE TO FIND HARD LUCK CADY... AND COLLECT SOME DOUGH HE OWES US...!

YOU MEAN YOU FOUND CADY... AND YOU COLLECTED... **ALL HE HAD!** COME ALONG, YOU TWO!

WELL, SHERIFF MAYHEW DID A COUPLE OF GOOD DEEDS FOR TODAY... SHOVING A PAIR OF INNOCENT SHEEP HERDERS INTO HIS JAIL!

NOW BLACK RIDGE RANCH IS **REALLY** SHORT-HANDED, TIM... I'M GOING UP THERE AND BUY THE PLACE!

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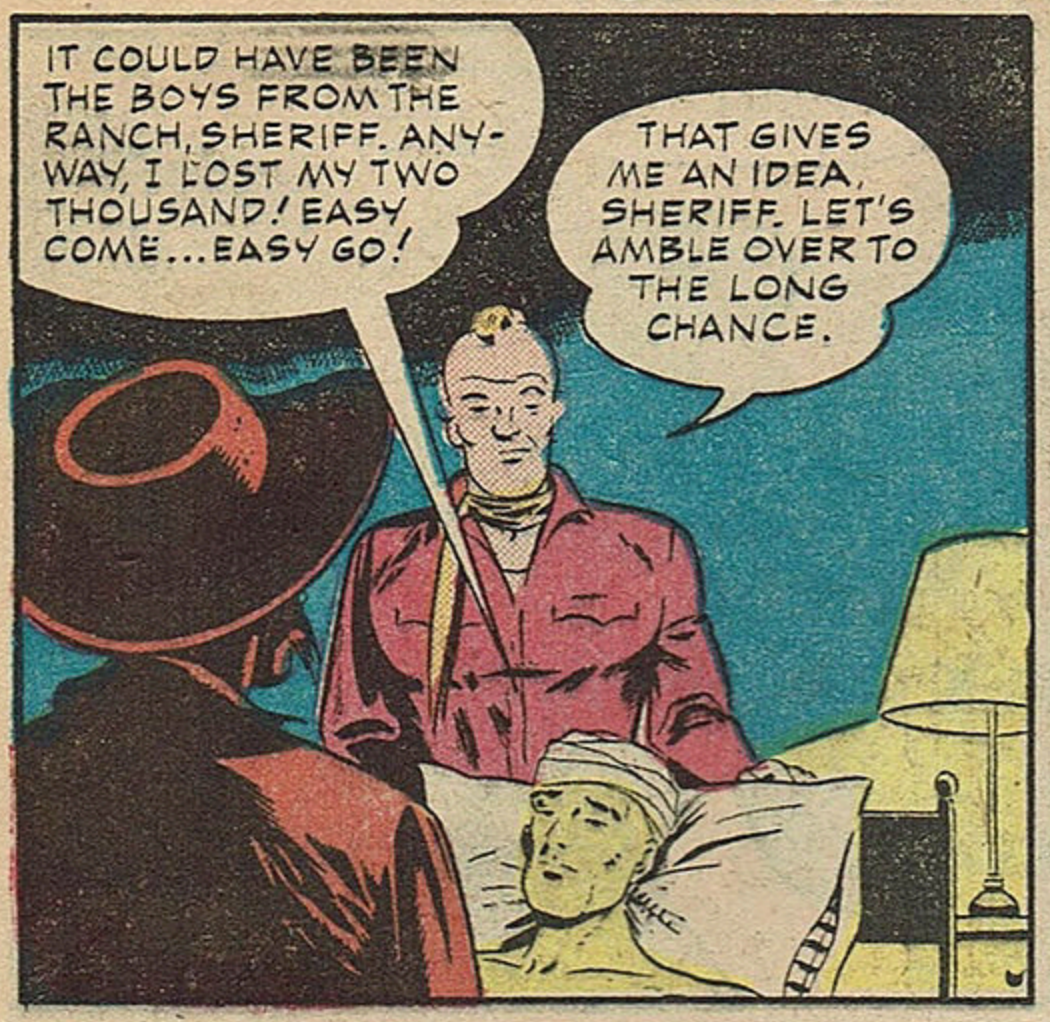
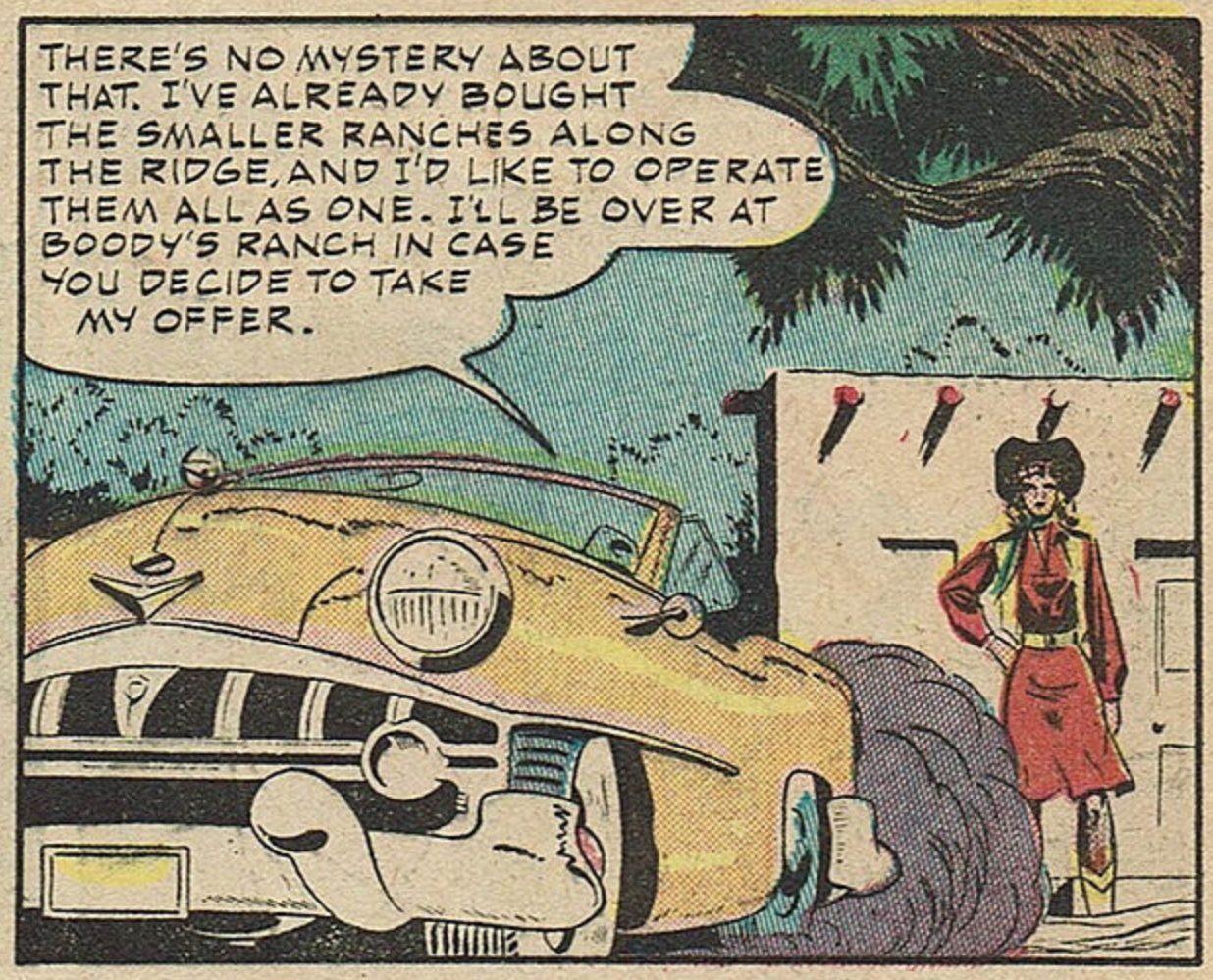
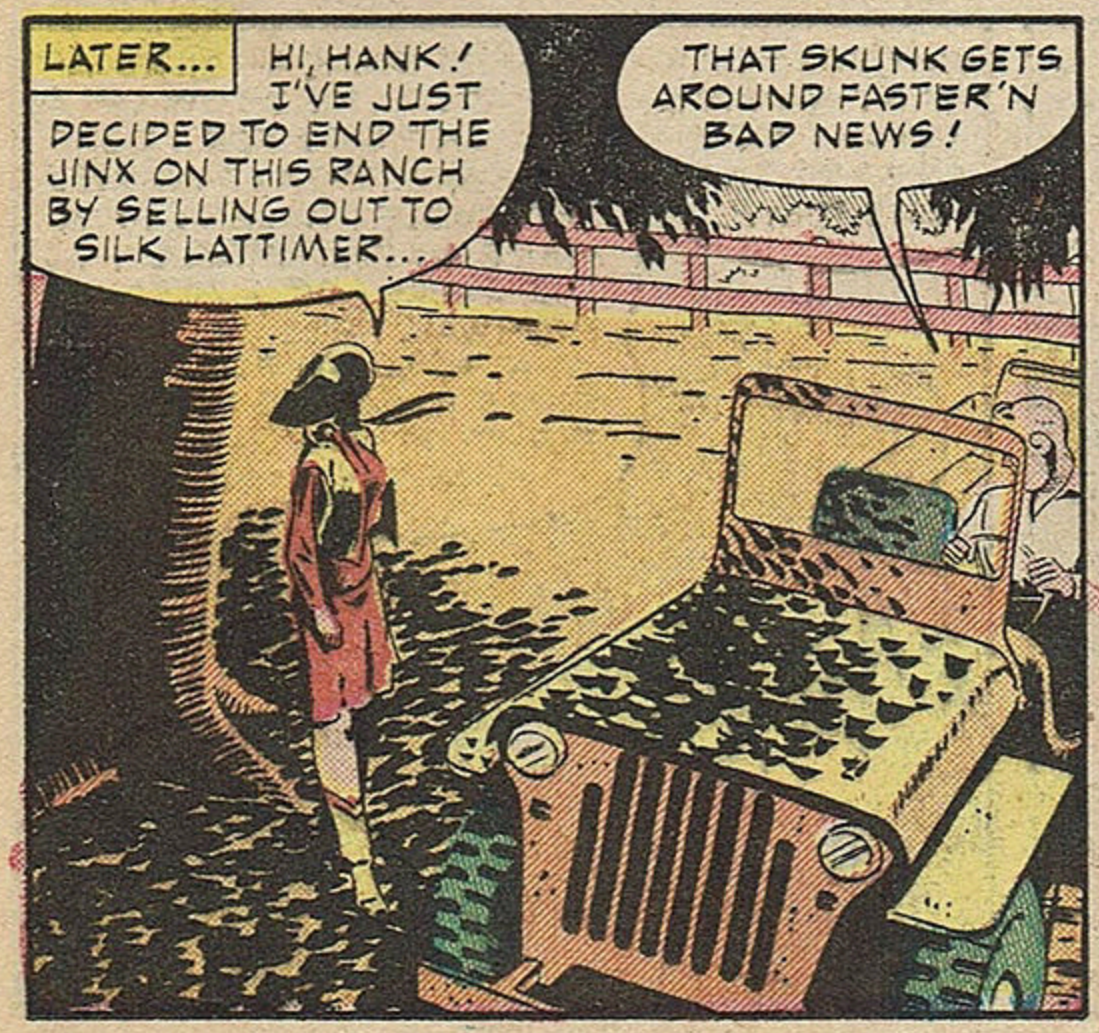

IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE BOYS FROM THE RANCH, SHERIFF. ANYWAY, I LOST MY TWO THOUSAND! EASY COME...EASY GO!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, SHERIFF. LET'S AMBLE OVER TO THE LONG CHANCE.

THERE'S A COUPLE OF STRAYS LOSING MORE THAN THEY MAY BE ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR, SHERIFF.
I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH THEM FOR A WHILE, HANK.

WHILE OUT AT BLACK RIDGE RANCH...
I GUESS THIS RANCH IS JINXED, NANCY...THE WAY YOU'RE GETTING MORE AND MORE SHORT HANDED! WHY NOT SELL OUT TO ME RIGHT NOW, AT A FAIR PRICE?
I MIGHT, IF I KNEW WHY YOU ARE SO ANXIOUS TO BUY...

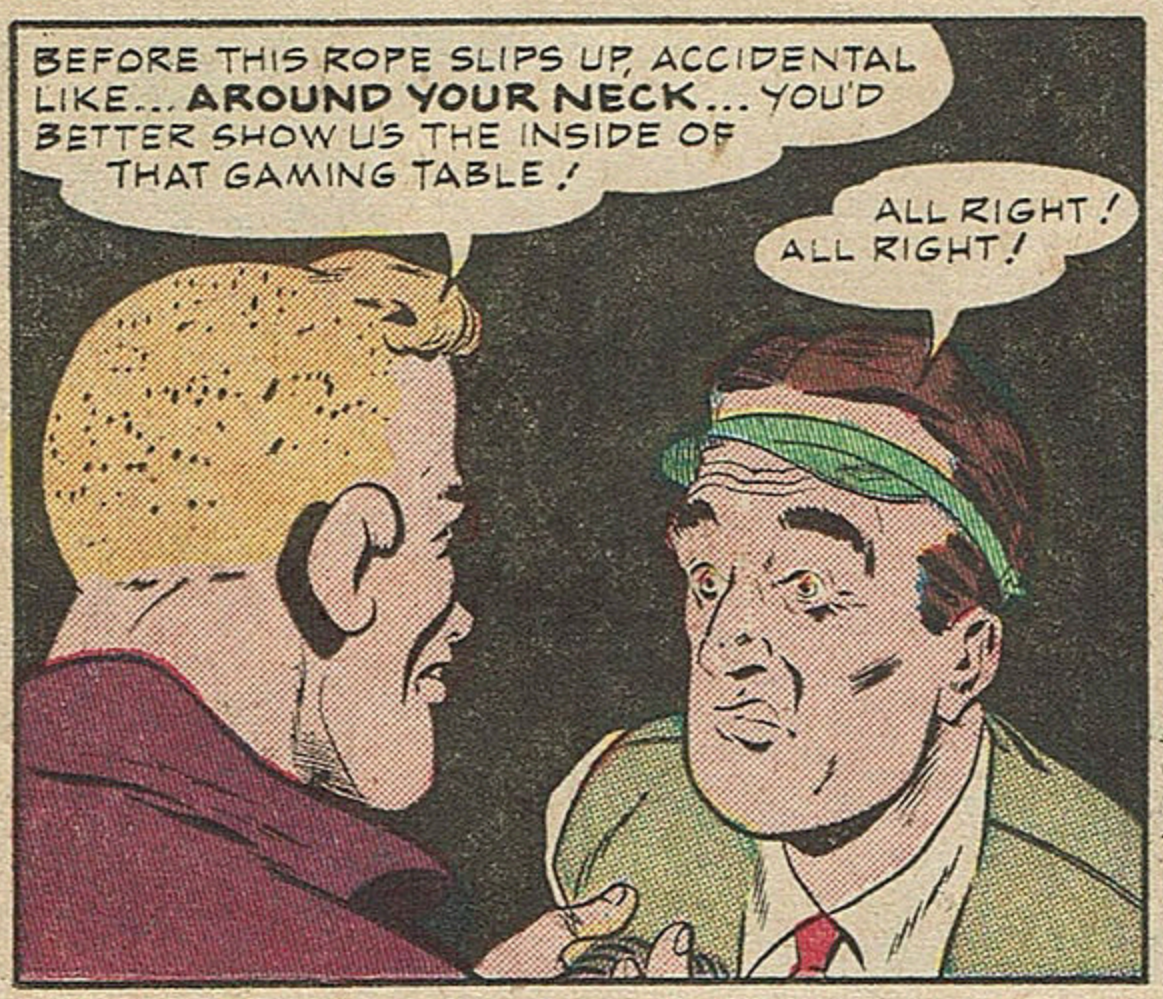

THERE'S NO MYSTERY ABOUT THAT. I'VE ALREADY BOUGHT THE SMALLER RANCHES ALONG THE RIDGE, AND I'D LIKE TO OPERATE THEM ALL AS ONE. I'LL BE OVER AT BOODY'S RANCH IN CASE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE MY OFFER.

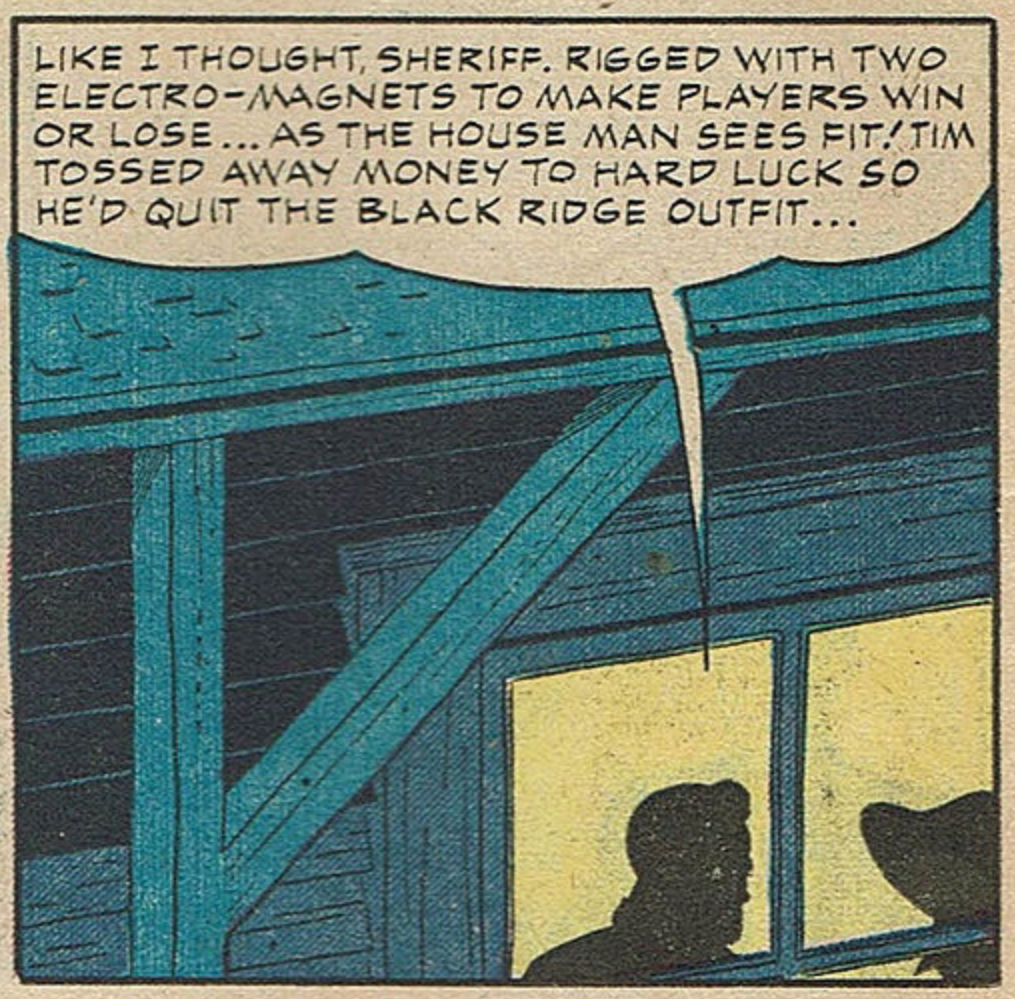

LATER...
HI, HANK! I'VE JUST DECIDED TO END THE JINX ON THIS RANCH BY SELLING OUT TO SILK LATTIMER...
THAT SKUNK GETS AROUND FASTER'N BAD NEWS!

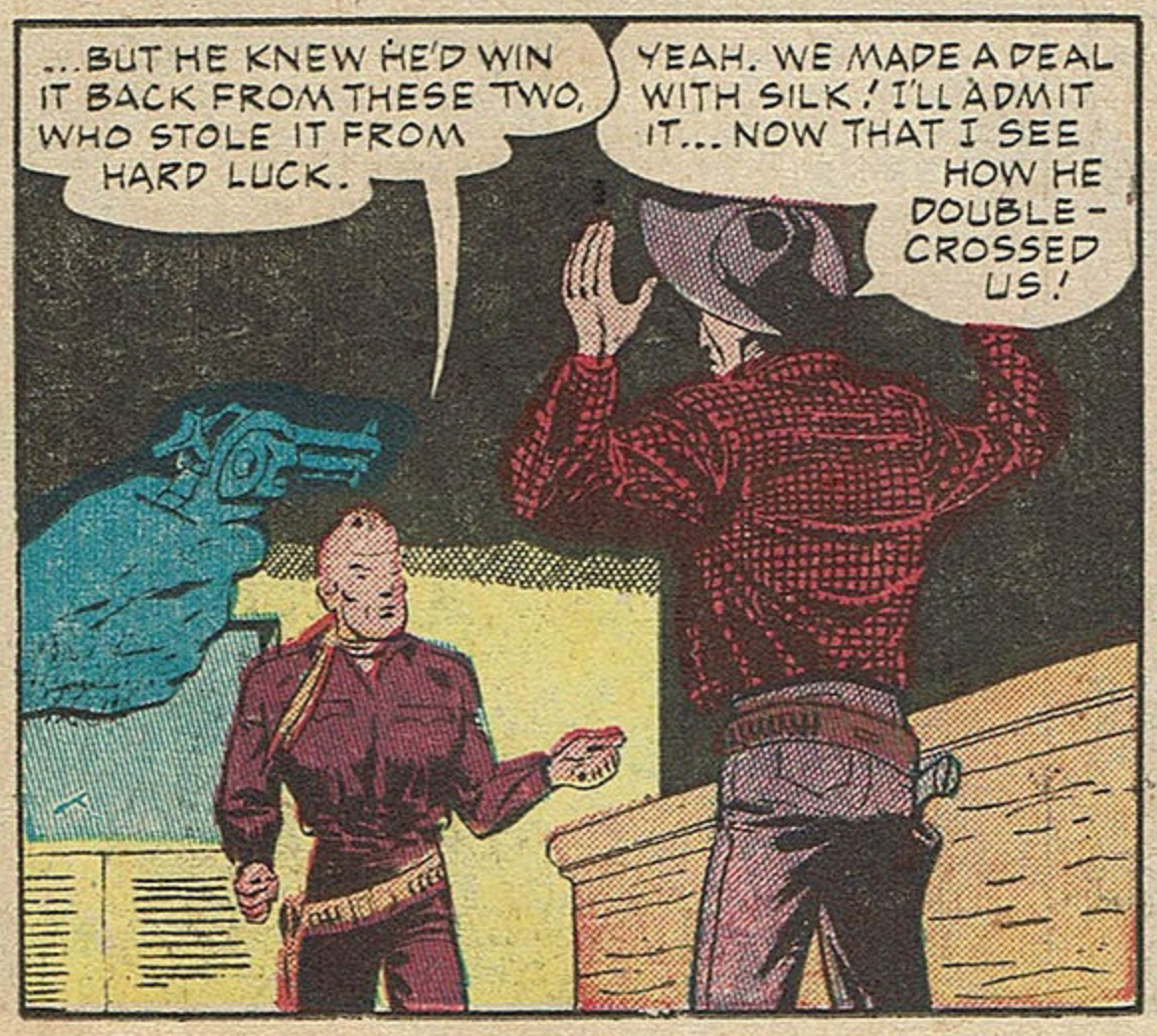
YOU HANG ONTO THE RANCH, NANCY. IN A COUPLE OF HOURS I'LL BRING YOU ALL THE SHEEP HERDERS YOU NEED!
I'D BETTER GET OVER TO BOODY'S AND LET SILK IN ON THIS...

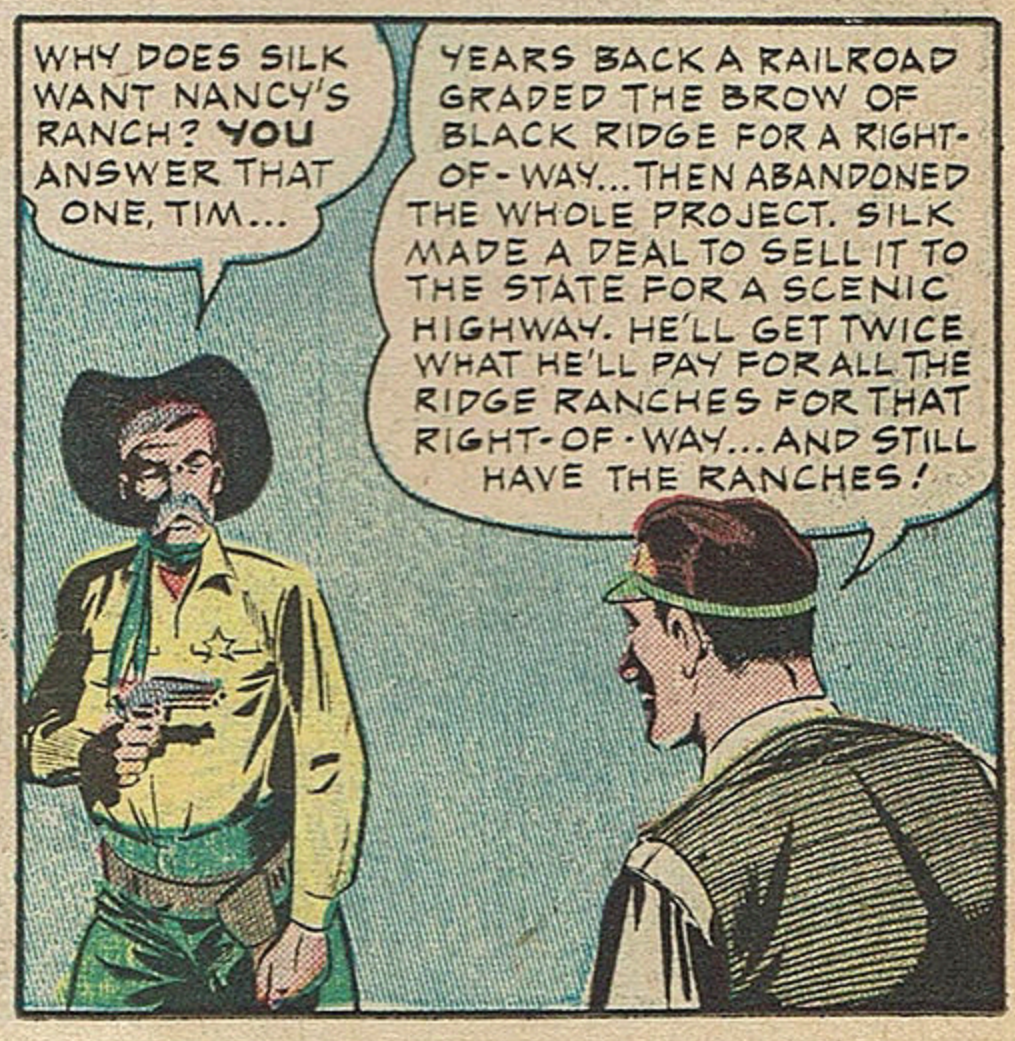
ARRESTING SOMEBODY, SHERIFF?
YOU BET! I WATCHED THESE VARMINTS LOSE A THOUSAND BUCKS EACH... EXACTLY THE AMOUNT STOLEN FROM HARD LUCK! BUT THEY WON'T TALK!

IF THEY WON'T TALK, HERE'S A GUY WHO WILL! COME ON BACK, TIM REGAN!

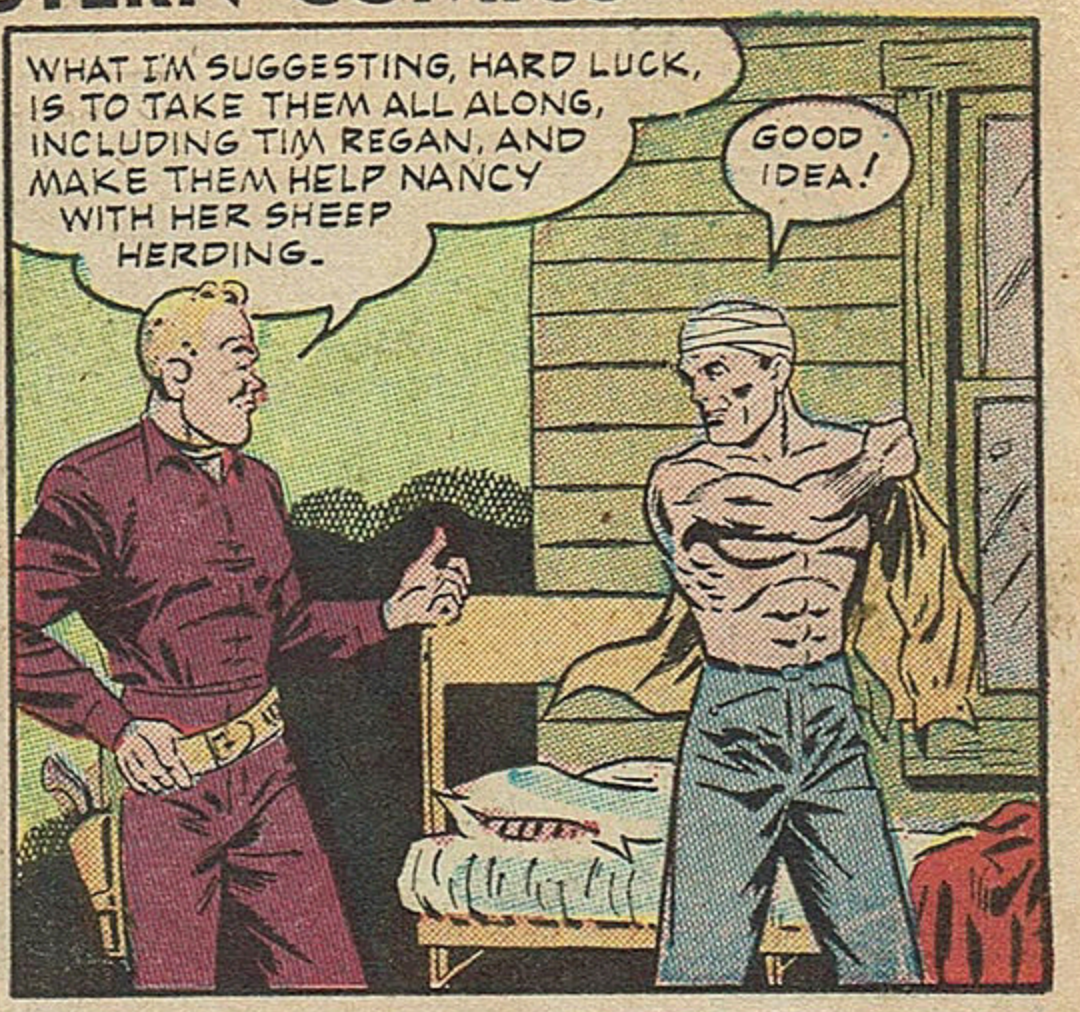

BEFORE THIS ROPE SLIPS UP, ACCIDENTAL LIKE... AROUND YOUR NECK... YOU'D BETTER SHOW US THE INSIDE OF THAT GAMING TABLE!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!


LIKE I THOUGHT, SHERIFF. RIGGED WITH TWO ELECTRO-MAGNETS TO MAKE PLAYERS WIN OR LOSE... AS THE HOUSE MAN SEES FIT! TIM TOSSED AWAY MONEY TO HARD LUCK SO HE'D QUIT THE BLACK RIDGE OUTFIT...

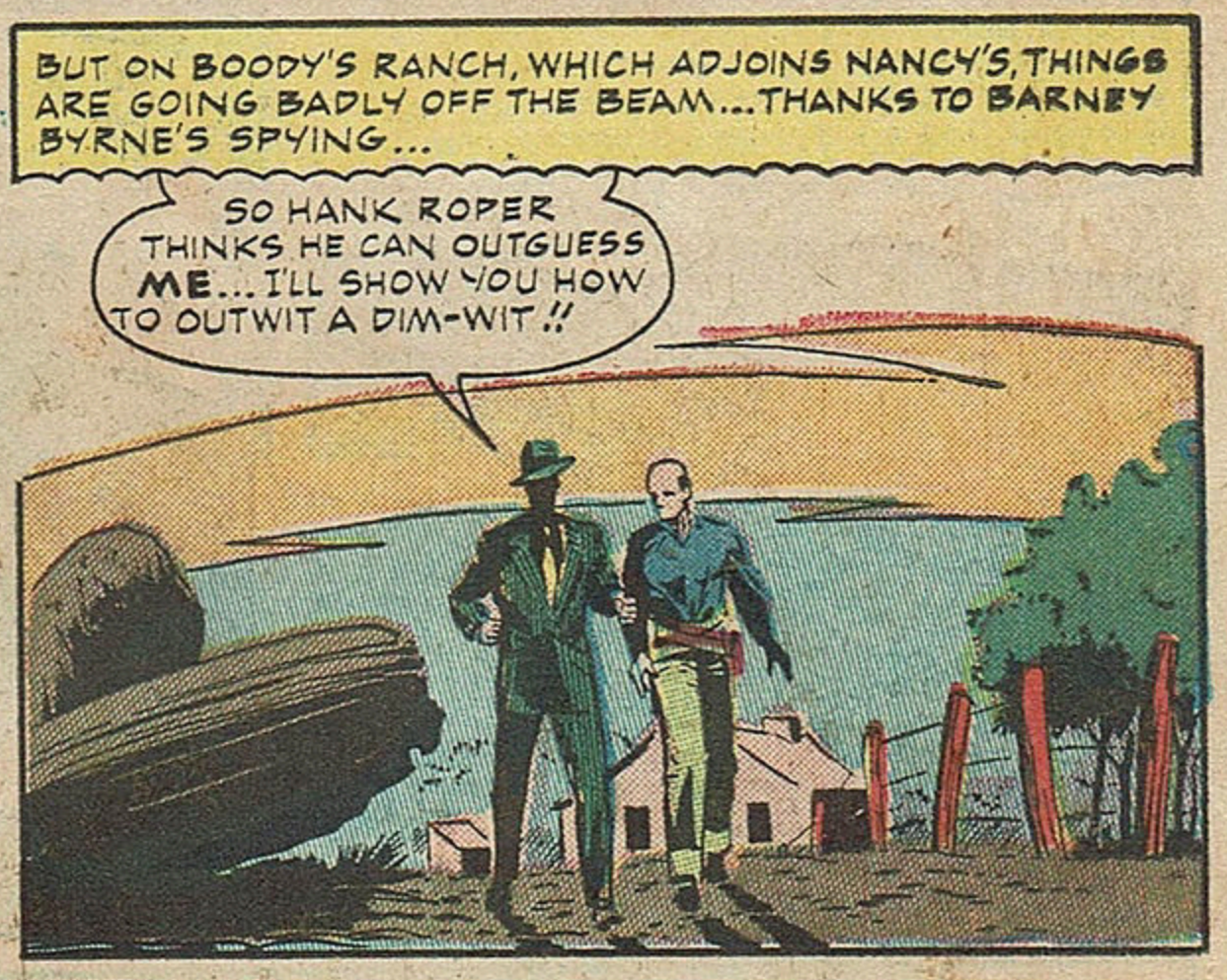

...BUT HE KNEW HE'D WIN IT BACK FROM THESE TWO, WHO STOLE IT FROM HARD LUCK.
YEAH. WE MADE A DEAL WITH SILK! I'LL ADMIT IT... NOW THAT I SEE HOW HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US!


WHY DOES SILK WANT NANCY'S RANCH? YOU ANSWER THAT ONE, TIM...
YEARS BACK A RAILROAD GRADED THE BROW OF BLACK RIDGE FOR A RIGHT-OF-WAY... THEN ABANDONED THE WHOLE PROJECT. SILK MADE A DEAL TO SELL IT TO THE STATE FOR A SCENIC HIGHWAY. HE'LL GET TWICE WHAT HE'LL PAY FOR ALL THE RIDGE RANCHES FOR THAT RIGHT-OF-WAY... AND STILL HAVE THE RANCHES!

WHAT DO I DO NOW? PUT THESE FELLOWS IN JAIL, AND LET THE OTHER PAIR OUT?
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA... LET'S TALK TO HARD LUCK.


WHAT I'M SUGGESTING, HARD LUCK, IS TO TAKE THEM ALL ALONG, INCLUDING TIM REGAN, AND MAKE THEM HELP NANCY WITH HER SHEEP HERDING.
GOOD IDEA!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, AND I KNOW A LOT OF OTHERS WHO'LL JOIN UP... JUST TO SHOW UP SILK LATTIMER!


BUT ON BOODY'S RANCH, WHICH ADJOINS NANCY'S, THINGS ARE GOING BADLY OFF THE BEAM... THANKS TO BARNEY BYRNE'S SPYING...
SO HANK ROPER THINKS HE CAN OUTGUESS ME... I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO OUTWIT A DIM-WIT!!

BOODY'S LET THESE DOGS GET HALF-STARVED. WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEY BROKE LOOSE...

... AND, NATURALLY, THEY GO RIGHT FOR THE BROKEN FENCE THAT NANCY'S SHEEPMEN DIDN'T GET AROUND TO FIXING.

NOW, LET'S GET DOWN BELOW AND SEE THE FUN!

YOU MEAN THE DOGS WILL RUN NANCY'S SHEEP UNTIL THEY DROP?

THEY'LL RIM-ROCK 'EM RIGHT OFF THE CLIFF... AND NANCY WILL BE OUT OF BUSINESS! HERE THEY COME, NOW!

YIP! YIP! YAP!

THIS IS ONE TIME I WON'T GO TO SLEEP COUNTING SHEEP!

I HEAR BOODY'S DOGS! THEY'RE RUNNING THE SHEEP, HANK!

I'LL GUIDE THE OTHER JEEPS OVER AND CUT THEM OFF!

MEANWHILE, HANK AND HARD LUCK, FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE JEEPS, ARE APPROACHING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

YOU CAN'T DRIVE ON THE EDGE, HANK! ONE BUMP WILL SEND US OVER!!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT IT'S ALL BEEN **GRADED**, YEARS AGO, HARD LUCK...!

HANK IS RIGHT... HITTING THE RIM OF THE RIDGE AT HIGH SPEED, THE JEEPS RIDE SMOOTHLY AND DIVERT THE SHEEP FROM THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF OVER WHICH THEY WERE HEADED!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW... THOSE JEEPS CUT OFF THE SHEEP FOR FAIR!

YEAH, BUT WE CAN STILL RUN SOME OF THEM OVER! LET'S GET UP THERE!

HERE COME THE DOGS...

FINE! WE'LL SICK THEM ONTO THE SHEEP! WHEN WE FIND THE SHEEP!

BARNEY... HELP ME!! THESE BRUTES HAVE GONE MAD FROM HUNGER!

AS SILK IS ABOUT TO GO OVER THE CLIFF, HANK AND HARD LUCK ARRIVE ON THE SCENE... HANK'S ROPE REACHES SILK IN THE NICK OF TIME, WHILE THE DOGS FLEE BEFORE A HAIL OF BULLETS!

HERE'S A RAT I FOUND TRESPASSING ON YOUR PROPERTY, MISS NANCY. SHALL I TURN HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF?

YES... FOR THAT AND ABOUT SIXTY OTHER CHARGES!

S'LONG, HARD LUCK! LAY OFF THE GAMBLING, AND STICK TO YOUR RANCHING!

THAT WILL BE EASY... NOW WE'VE ENOUGH HERDERS, THANKS TO YOU, HANK!

THE END

man declared. "Since we come straight from Mars, the Red Planet, we are Red Men too."

"My people have a legend," mused the chief, halt aloud, "about a race of strangers from a star. But they did not call it by the name of Mars."

"Of course not," stated the spokesman. "That is the name used by the White Men."

"You know about the White Men too?"

"We know everything. Thousands of years ago, our minds picked up all that happened on this world of yours. We could project ourselves here in thought, but only recently did we produce this wonder machine that transports our physical bodies from world to world."

Chief Big Bear bowed in acknowledgment of such mighty minds. Then:

"What can I do to serve you, Masters?"

The spokesman smiled, then held a conversation with the others in the language which by his own statement could only be Martian. Finally, he declared:

"We are not Masters. We are your friends. We come to free you from the tyranny that oppresses you. We, the Red Men of Mars shall aid you, the Red Men of Earth."

Chief Big Bear bowed new acknowledgment.

"You must give us garb of the sort you wear," stated the spokesman for the Martians. "Let us live with you while we learn your ways and you learn ours."

The Chief then led them to his tepee where he offered them a ceremonial pipe of peace. When they had finished their smoke, he supplied them with regalia similar to his own. While they were switching from their odd suits into the garb of the American Indian, Chief Big Bear stepped to the opening of the tepee and looked toward the planet Mars, shining ruddy above the eastern horizon where faint streaks of dawn were already visible.

"It is nearly morning," the chief announced. "Come, we must ride into town. We shall visit the rodeo."

The Martian Red Men were not as adept at horsemanship as their Dakota brother, but they fared reasonably well. It was toward noon, however, when they reached Prairie City where the rodeo was in progress. They were ushered through on their horses into an arena packed with people who cheered their arrival. Chief Big Bear prodded his horse and turned to the others, shouting: "Follow me!"

With a war whoop that the Martians imitated, the chief led a charge upon a covered wagon. He raised his bow and fired an arrow, something which the Martians tried to copy but managed very horribly. Men dressed like pioneers fired blank shots back at Chief Big Bear and his tribe, all part of a spectacle recalling the days of the Old West.

Then, charging in on horses, came soldiers in blue uniform, the U. S. Cavalry of long ago. These were capable horsemen, cavalry from a nearby army base. They clashed with the Indians who warded off the clanking sabers with their bows. It all seemed in fun until Chief Big Bear shouted to his companions: "These are American soldiers, men! Sent here to capture you! Fight them, Red men!"

Only momentarily were the Martians puzzled. Then, though they wore the garb of Chief Big Bear, he shouted at them in their own strange tongue, repeating what he had said about the troops in blue. Big Bear's companions went berserk. They tried to beat down the cavalry with bows, only to have them broken. Then the flat sides of sabers were thwacking them and suddenly they were being rounded up — all except Big Bear.

Deftly, the Dakota chief wheeled his horse to one side and spoke to the American commander, who promptly rode in and saw to it that the strange breed of Red Men were actually taken prisoners. Then, as they shouted vehemently in that strange tongue of theirs, Chief Big Bear actually smiled and said to the cavalry commander:

"Let me be the interpreter. I studied Russian when I was taking my degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard. They made the mistake of talking that language when I met them."

The chief walked over to the glum commies whose clumsy effort to deceive him had failed.

"I knew who you were before you landed," Chief Big Bear told the prisoners. "The star I was watching was Polaris, the tip of the Little Bear's tail or the end of the Small Dipper's handle. Polaris, the North Star, pointing the direction from which you came. Mars, the Morning Star, was in the East."

Obligingly, Chief Big Bear translated it into Russian for those who didn't know English; then he added:

"After all, it takes lots of worlds to produce Red Men. Dakota Red Men — Martian Red Men" — he gestured to the prisoners — "and these: Uncle Joe's Red Men."

The End

THE RED MEN FROM MARS

Chief Big Bear sat looking at the Little Bear, otherwise known as the constellation Ursus Minor, sometimes called the Little Dipper by our modern amateur stargazers.

When night lay black and velvet above the Dakota prairies, Chief Big Bear loved to contemplate the star studded heavens and reflect upon the fact that his ancestors had once roamed the boundless plains with only those same stars for a guide.

In particular, Chief Big Bear studied the bright star that formed the tip of the Little Bear's tail or the end of the handle of the Smaller Dipper — according to whichever you might choose to class it. But the Indians of Big Bear's tribe had formed their own legend regarding that particular star.

Slowly, Chief Big Bear began to recite the legend to himself, with all the details that his grandfather had given him during his early childhood. It was a story about strange creatures from another world, who had come from that very star to promise the Red Men new paths to freedom.

The legend went that the Indians had not listened. So when the White Men had come, not from the stars, but by rivers and across the plains, it was not surprising that the Indians had lost their heritage.

Swift meteors streaked across the sky for this was their season. Not once did Chief Big Bear's eyes turn to follow them. He was contemplating that one bright star at the tip of the Little Dipper's handle. If someone would watch long enough, the legend said, the men from that faraway world might visit Earth again.

Long minutes passed and the Chief's eyes opened wider, not in surprise, but to make sure of what they saw. Unless his imagination had tricked him — and Chief Big Bear was decidedly unimaginative — something had eclipsed the star he watched.

Literally, the star had vanished without a blink; nor did it return as the Chief stared.

Soon, Big Bear made out the expanding shape of the object that had obscured the star. It was roundish, almost the shape of an enlarging sun, but at first it was completely dark. Then it showed against the twinkle of the starlight; later it showed illumination of its own. As the thing came closer and closer to the ground, Chief Big Bear observed that the glow came from openings like portholes in the sides of a circular craft.

Chief Big Bear didn't even say "Humph!" He simply repeated words that he had heard White Men use:

"Flying Saucer!"

The disk skimmed to Earth, revealing itself as a craft some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. A sector opened and out stepped figures that were vaguely human. A searchlight played across the plain and spotted Chief Big Bear.

Tonight, in keeping with tradition, Chief Big Bear was wearing the full regalia of his tribe. Long ago, he had promised his great-grandfather that he would spend one night every year upon this spot in the exact center of the Reservation, watching the legendary star. Now, as he rose and strode to meet the creatures from the Flying Saucer, Chief Big Bear made a most imposing figure indeed.

The strange men held a brief discussion in a language unlike any that Chief Big Bear had ever heard upon these prairies. Their space suits were baggy, topped with helmets resembling oxygen masks, but they threw these back and showed their faces when Chief Big Bear reached them. One studied the chief closely and ejaculated a single word:

"How."

"You have read my thought." The chief raised a finger and tapped his feathered forehead. "That was the very word in my own mind."

"We know all things that pass in your mind," replied one of the strangers. "We come as brothers, noble Red Man."

"None can be brothers of the Red Men," declaimed Chief Big Bear, "unless they are Red Men Too."

At that, the strangers held a rapid conversation in their peculiar tongue and one of them took over the job of spokesman, putting the query:

"Noble Red Man, have you ever heard of the Planet Mars?"

At that, Chief Big Bear nodded.

"It is called the Red Planet," the spokes-

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

SPURS JACKSON AND HIS SPACE VIGILANTES DEAL WITH DANGER BELOW

WHILE SPURS JACKSON IS RECEIVING AN OFFICIAL WELCOME IN MANHATTAN FOR SAVING THE WORLD FROM TWO ATTACKS FROM OUTER SPACE, A MIGHTY BATTLE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN TWO SUPER SPACE FLEETS, MIDWAY BETWEEN MARS AND VENUS...

WE KNOW THAT YOU OUSTED KOROK OF MARS, AND BLASTED THE PALACE OF VODOR ON VENUS... BUT WHAT BECAME OF THOSE CRIMINALS, SPURS?

FOR ALL I KNOW THEY MAY BE BATTLING IT OUT WITH EACH OTHER, SOMEWHERE OUT IN SPACE, RIGHT NOW!

VODOR!

KOROK!... OF MARS!

STAN CAMPIS

LATER, AS THE CRIPPLED FLAGSHIPS OF THE TWO DEMOLISHED SPACE FLEETS DRIFT TOGETHER, THEIR COMMANDERS EXPRESS MUTUAL RECOGNITION.

I STOLE THOSE SHIPS FROM THE MARTIAN SPACE FLEET, AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE SPURS JACKSON...TRYING TO CUT ME OFF WITH AN EARTH FLEET!

I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM WITH MY VENUS FLEET, AND I THOUGHT YOUR SHIPS WERE HIS...

WE WERE BOTH AS STUPID AS EARTHFOLK, OR WE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT THEY HAVE NO SPACE FLEET!

BUT EARTH HAS A MOON... AND A LARGE ONE! WE CAN USE IT AS A BASE FOR AN ATTACK ON EARTH, ITSELF!

WE ARE DRIFTING TOWARD THE SIDE OF THE MOON THAT EARTHFOLK NEVER SEE... SO THEY CAN NEVER GUESS OUR PLAN!

SOME TIME LATER THE MOON'S GRAVITY BRINGS THE DISABLED SHIP TO REST...

IN FACT EARTHMEN ARE SO STUPID THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR MOON IS INHABITED!

EXACTLY WHERE WE WANT TO GO!

THEY'RE INVITING US TO THEIR DOMAIN BELOW!

HERE COME TWO OF THE MOON-BORERS NOW... WE'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH 'EM!

I'VE HEARD THAT THESE BORERS HAVE PENETRATED TO THE VERY CORE OF THE MOON... AND THIS PROVES IT!

IT ALSO GIVES US A WAY TO CONQUER THE EARTH...

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

AT THE MOON'S CORE...

DRILL A STRAIGHT TUBE TO THE MOON'S SURFACE, AND WE WILL CONSTRUCT MISSILES TO CARRY YOUR PEOPLE TO EARTH...

ON EARTH YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO PUFF YOUR CHEEKS TO RETAIN AN AIR SUPPLY!

BUT SUPPOSE THE EARTHFOLK ATTACK MY FOLLOWERS... AS THEY DID YOURS?

YOUR PEOPLE CAN BORE THEIR WAY UNDERGROUND AND EXTEND OPERATIONS FROM THERE!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, SHIFTS OF BORERS COMPLETED THE THOUSAND MILE TUBE FROM THE MOON'S CORE TO THE SIDE TOWARD EARTH, AND WERE LOADED INTO MISSILE CARS...

FIRED LIKE PROJECTILES FROM A HUGE CANNON, THE CARS SPED EARTHWARD, ATTAINING A VELOCITY SO GREAT THEY BECAME INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE...

BUT IN THE GREAT OBSER ATORY ATOP MOUNT PALOMAR...

LOOK AT THESE CURIOUS STREAKS ON THIS PHOTO TAKEN BY THE TWO HUNDRED INCH TELESCOPE!

THEY CAN'T BE METEORS, AND THEY'RE DEFINITELY HEADED EARTHWARD. I'VE CHARTED THEIR OBJECTIVE AS THE GOLD CANYON REGION, BELOW ROCKY DAM!

THIS IS A JOB FOR SPURS JACKSON. WE'LL CONTACT HIM AT ONCE!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

LOOK WHAT JUST CAME OFF THE TELETYPE, SPURS! PALOMAR REPORTS MISSILES FROM SPACE... USING GOLD CANYON AS THEIR TARGET!

ROUND UP THE REST OF THE VIGILANTES, MEN, AND HAVE THEM BRING JEEPS!

LATER

THESE UNEARTHLY SPACE CRITTERS DON'T GIVE SPURS NO PEACE! IT'S EITHER MAVERICKS FROM MARS, OR VENUS VARMINTS! WONDER WHAT IT'LL BE **THIS** TIME?

WE'LL KNOW. SOON ENOUGH! THERE'S ROCKY DAM AHEAD!

SPURS QUESTIONS THE FOREMAN IN CHARGE OF THE NEARLY COMPLETED DAM...

MY CONSTRUCTION CREW REPORTED SEEING SOME **FIREWORKS!** DOWN BY THE OLD NUGGET MINE, FIVE MILES BELOW HERE...

LET'S GO!

THERE'S SOME OF THE FIREWORKS NOW, HANK, WITH SMALL CREATURES SPRINGING OUT. WATCH US CLIMB THAT SLOPE!

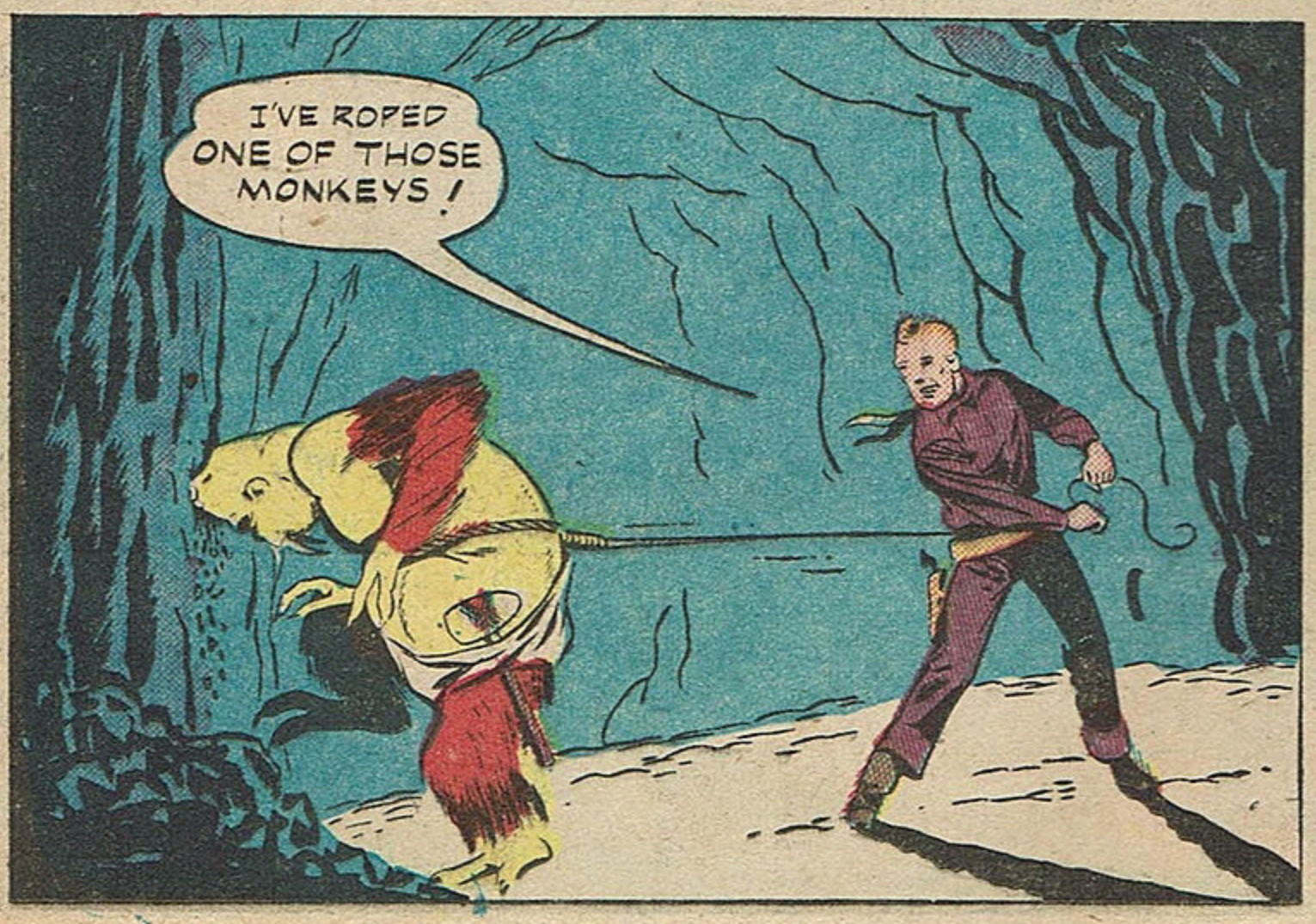
THERE'S **MORE** OF 'EM SPURS!

WERE WE **SEEING THINGS**... OR WHAT **DID** HAPPEN,

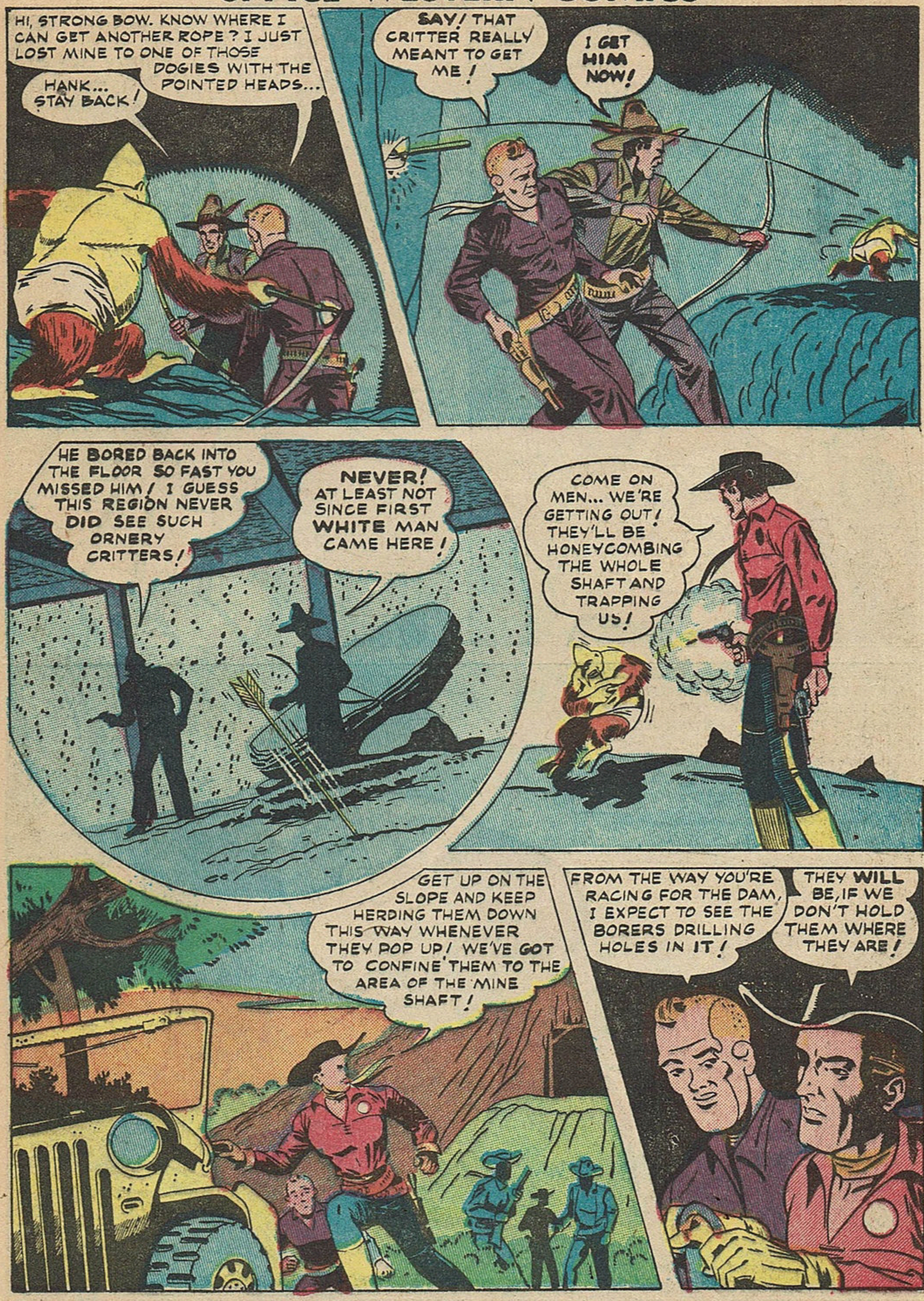
THOSE MISSILES SIMPLY EXPLODED AND THE OCCUPANTS DROPPED TO EARTH... AND **BORED INTO THE GROUND!** LET'S GET DOWN TO THE OLD MINE.

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

THOSE HALF HUMAN SAND-BUGS HAVE TO COME OUT SOMEWHERE, I FIGURE IT'LL BE IN THE OLD MINE SHAFTS! LET'S GET IN THERE!
LOOK OUT, YOU FELLOWS!



SPACE WESTERN COMICS


HI, STRONG BOW. KNOW WHERE I CAN GET ANOTHER ROPE? I JUST LOST MINE TO ONE OF THOSE DOGIES WITH THE POINTED HEADS...
HANK... STAY BACK!
SAY! THAT CRITTER REALLY MEANT TO GET ME!
I GET HIM NOW!
HE BORED BACK INTO THE FLOOR SO FAST YOU MISSED HIM! I GUESS THIS REGION NEVER DID SEE SUCH ORNERY CRITTERS!
NEVER! AT LEAST NOT SINCE FIRST WHITE MAN CAME HERE!
COME ON MEN... WE'RE GETTING OUT! THEY'LL BE HONEYCOMBING THE WHOLE SHAFT AND TRAPPING US!
GET UP ON THE SLOPE AND KEEP HERDING THEM DOWN THIS WAY WHENEVER THEY POP UP! WE'VE GOT TO CONFINE THEM TO THE AREA OF THE MINE SHAFT!
FROM THE WAY YOU'RE RACING FOR THE DAM, I EXPECT TO SEE THE BORERS DRILLING HOLES IN IT!
THEY WILL BE, IF WE DON'T HOLD THEM WHERE THEY ARE!

YOU'VE GOT TO OPEN THE EMERGENCY SLUICES, RIGHT AWAY!

THERE'S YOUR ORDER, THOSE BORERS WILL WRECK EVERY-THING!

BUT THAT WOULD SEND THE IMPOUNDED WATER DOWN ROCKY CANYON. I'D NEED AN OFFICIAL ORDER TO DO THAT!

AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR PRECIOUS DAM TOO! THEY'LL TREAT YOUR CONCRETE LIKE CHEESE WHEN THEY GET TO IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS RELEASING THE WATER **IS** THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE DAM!

IF YOU WANT TO GET REAL TECHNICAL IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE THE BORERS UNDER-RUN IT!

EMERGENCY SLUICE CONTROL

RELEASED IN A TREMENDOUS NIAGARA, THE WATERS OF THE HALF FILLED RESERVOIR ROAR DOWN THROUGH ROCKY CANYON IN A MIGHTY FLOOD THAT SWEEPS ALL BEFORE IT... INCLUDING THE MOON BORERS!

LOOK AT THAT FLOOD COME!

AND LOOK AT THE BORERS GO!

THEY'RE TAKING SHELTER IN THE MINE SHAFT SO THE WATER WON'T GET 'EM!

AND THERE GO MORE OF THEM... TOO LATE FOR SPURS TO CATCH THEM!

YEAH? WELL HE SURE SENT SOMETHING ELSE TO DO THE TRICK... THAT FLOOD CREST WILL BE **OVER** THE MINE ENTRANCE...

POURING IN THROUGH THE SHAFT, THE HUGE TIDE INUNDATES EVERY PASSAGE OF THE OLD MINE, LAST REFUGE OF THE VICIOUS MOON BORERS.

AFTER THE FLOOD HAS PASSED...

NARY A SIGN OF THEM... MUST HAVE DROWNED IN THEIR OWN BURROWS!

BUT FROM ROCK THEY BORED, BIG FLOOD WASH UP THESE NUGGETS! OLD MINE NOW GOOD AGAIN!

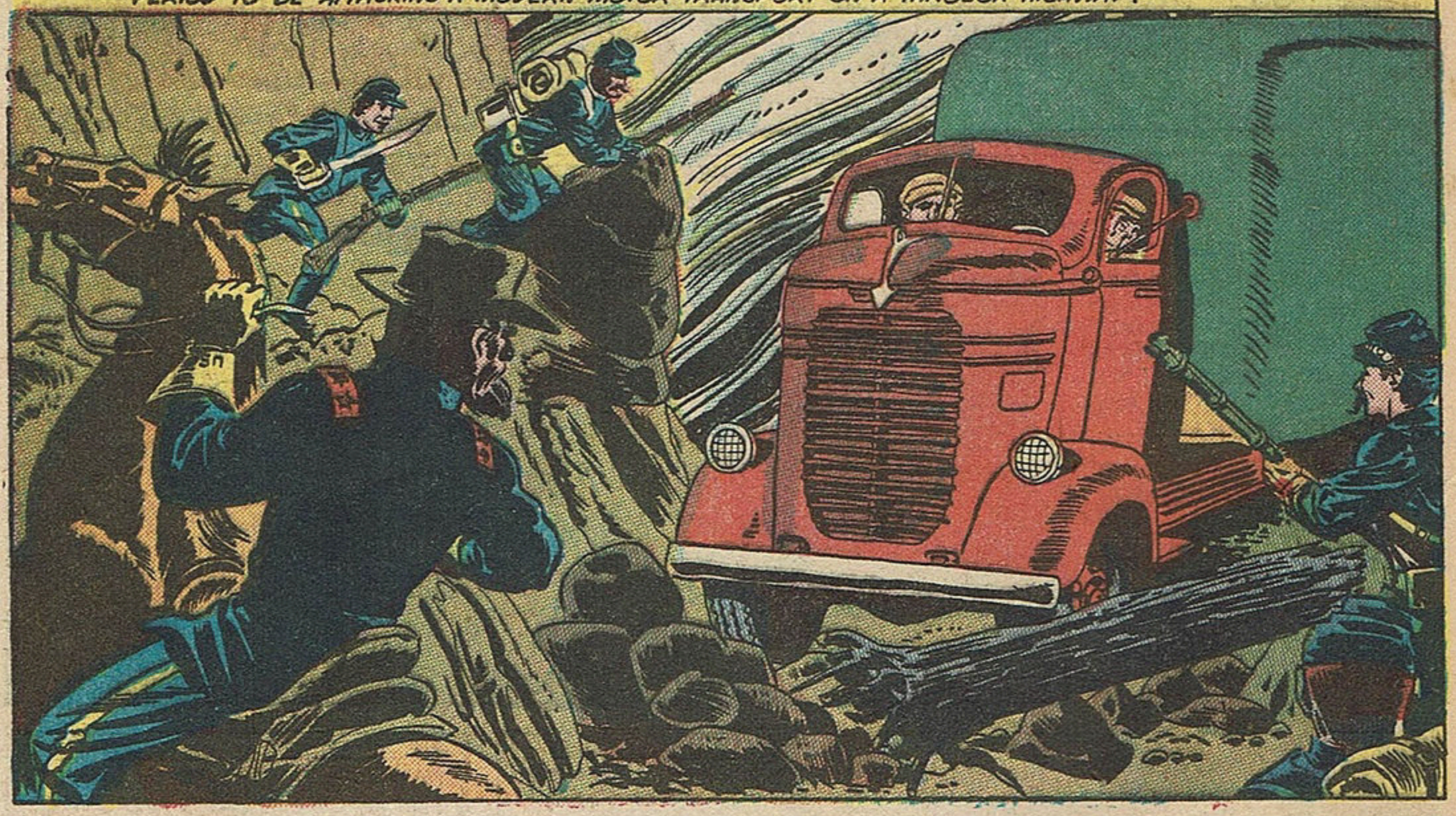
IT WILL TAKE TWO YEARS FOR THE RESERVOIR TO REACH ITS FORMER LEVEL!

BUT IT MIGHT HAVE TAKEN TWO CENTURIES TO WASH OUT THOSE CREATURES ANY OTHER WAY. AS FOR DAMAGES, THE GOLD FROM NUGGET MINE WILL PAY FOR THEM.

THE END

STRONG BOW uncovers The PHANTOM HIGHJACKERS

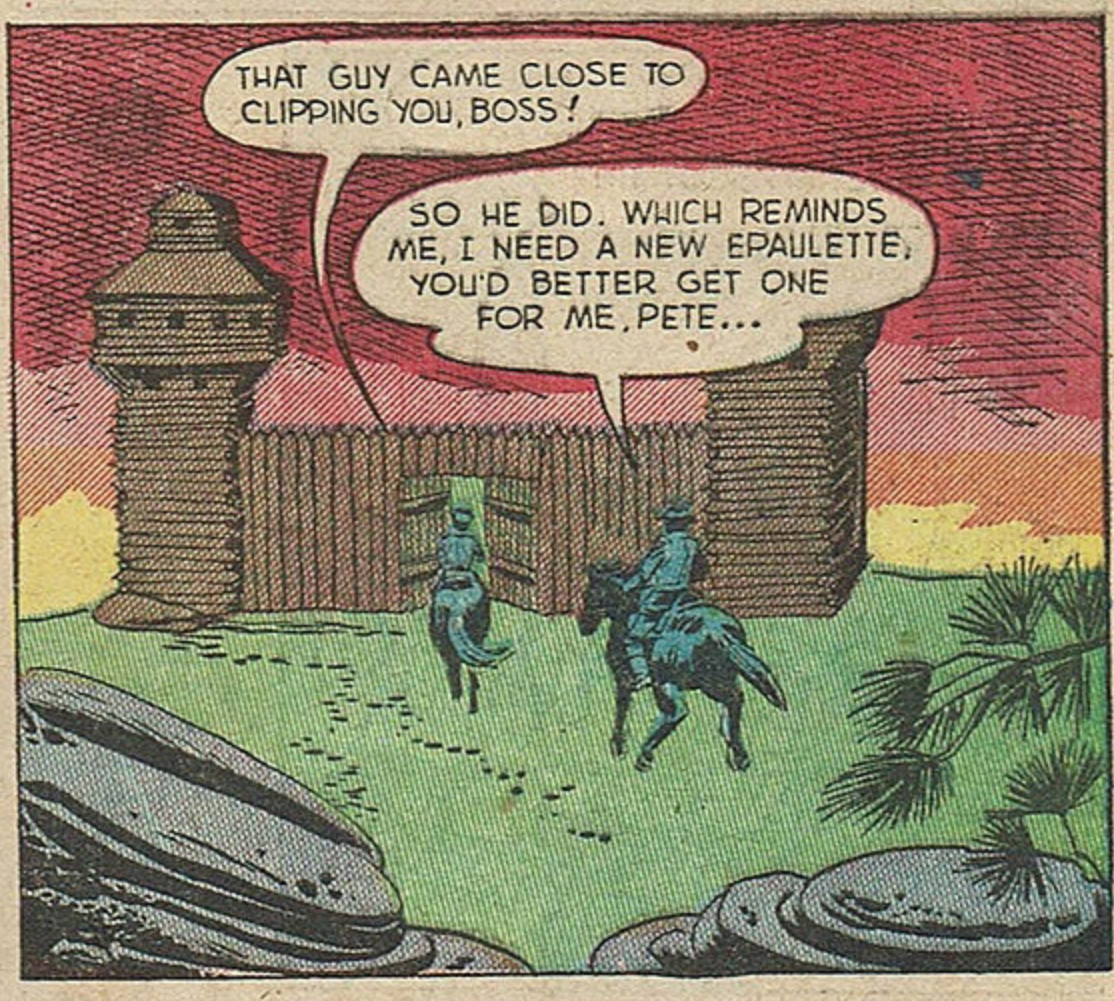
WHAT'S THIS? HAVE THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST RETURNED? ... OR HAVE THESE TRUCKERS SOMEHOW TUMBLED BACK INTO THE LAST CENTURY? SOMETHING CERTAINLY IS OUT OF WHACK FOR U.S. TROOPS OF CUSTER'S PERIOD TO BE ATTACKING A MODERN MOTOR TRANSPORT ON A THROUGH HIGHWAY!

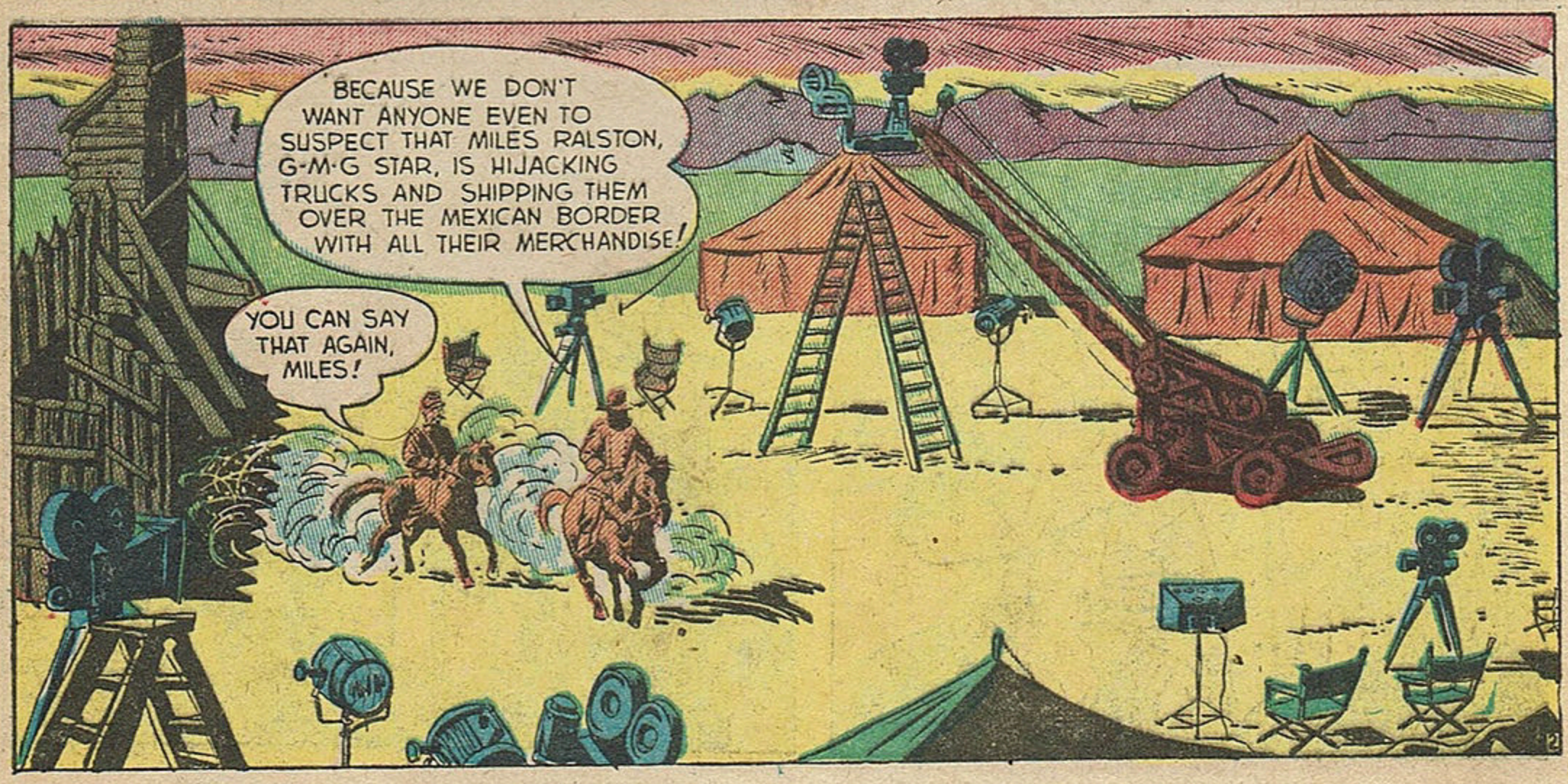


SPACE WESTERN COMICS

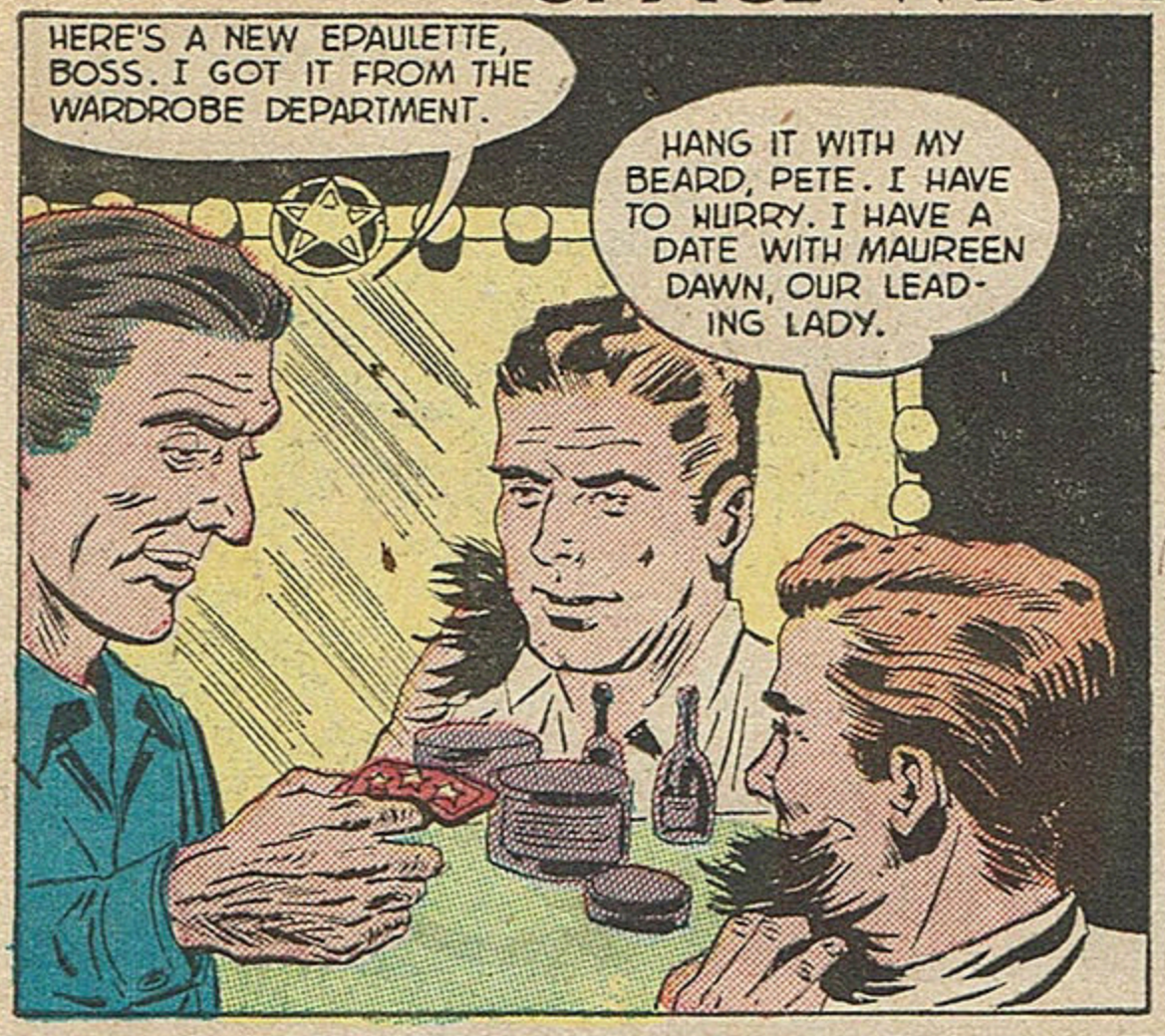
THEY'RE GOING TO MARCH US INTO THAT CAVE!
YEAH, SO WE'LL BE BLAMED FOR STEALING OUR TRUCK AND ITS LOAD... LIKE THOSE OTHER TRUCKERS WHO HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING LATELY!

TRUCKERS ALL STOWED AWAY, BOSS!
GOOD ENOUGH, PETE. I'VE SENT THE TRUCK OVER THROUGH PANTHER PASS TO THE BORDER. SO LET'S GET ON OUR WAY!



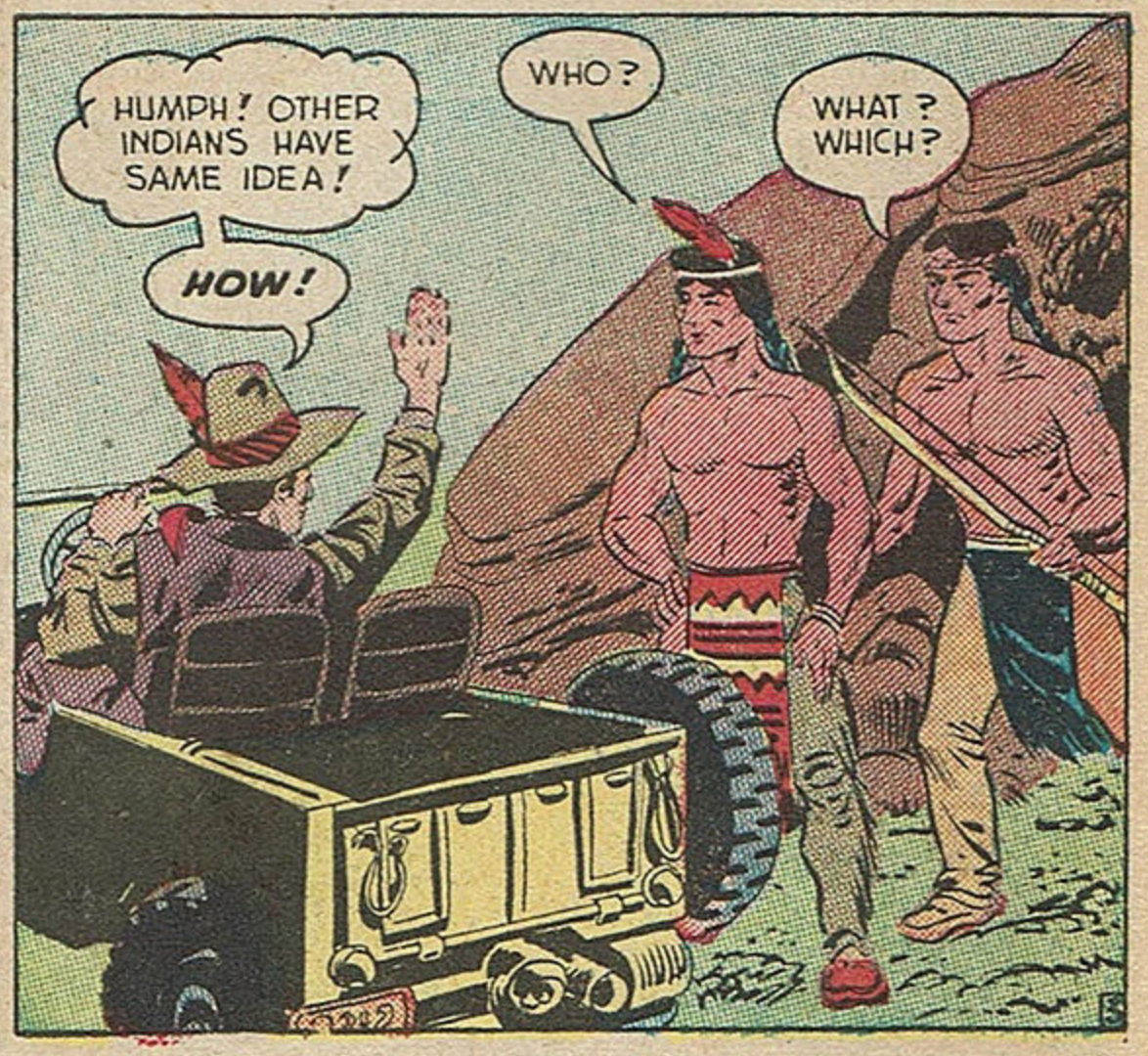

BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT ANYONE EVEN TO SUSPECT THAT MILES RALSTON, G-M-G STAR, IS HIJACKING TRUCKS AND SHIPPING THEM OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER WITH ALL THEIR MERCHANDISE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, MILES!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

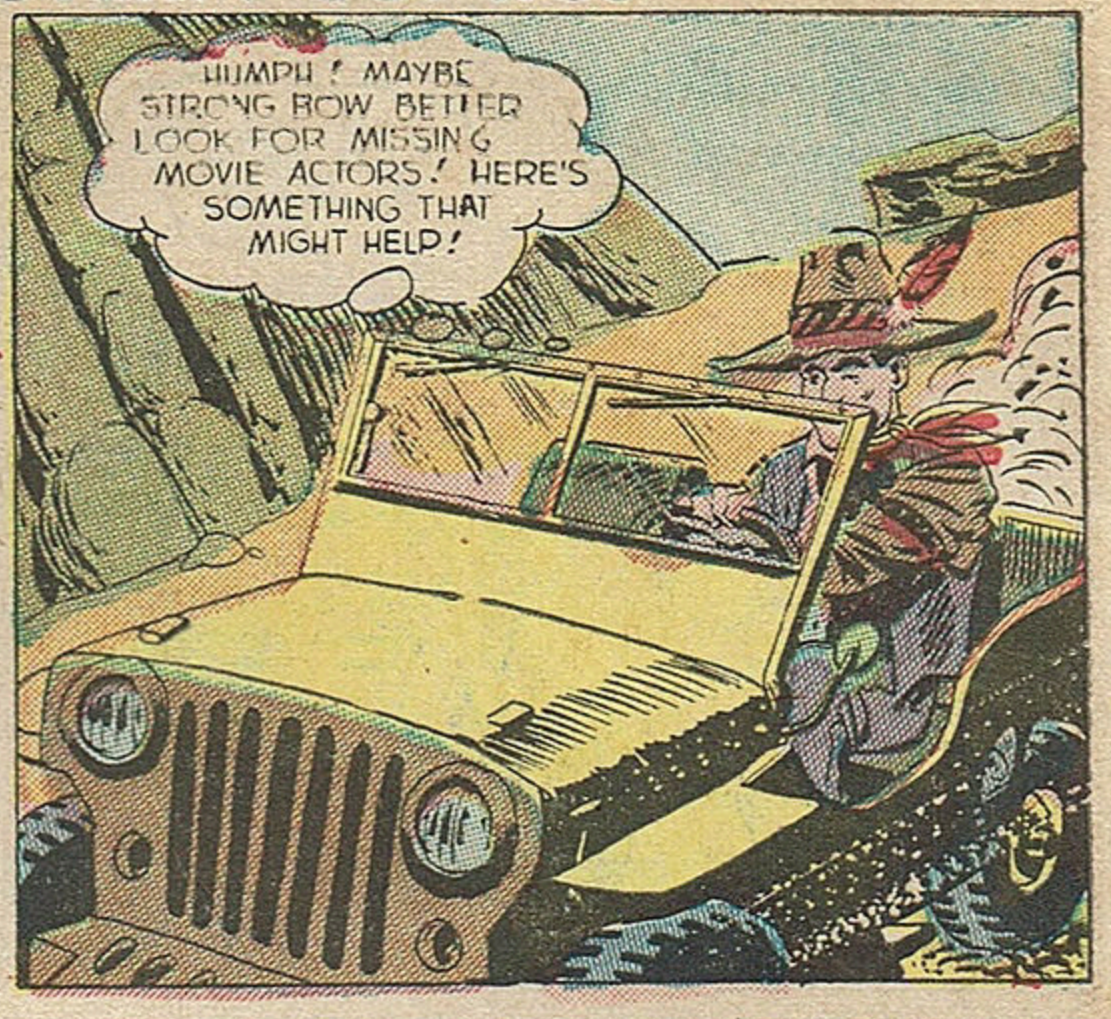

HERE'S A NEW EPAULETTE, BOSS. I GOT IT FROM THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT.
HANG IT WITH MY BEARD, PETE. I HAVE TO HURRY. I HAVE A DATE WITH MAUREEN DAWN, OUR LEADING LADY.

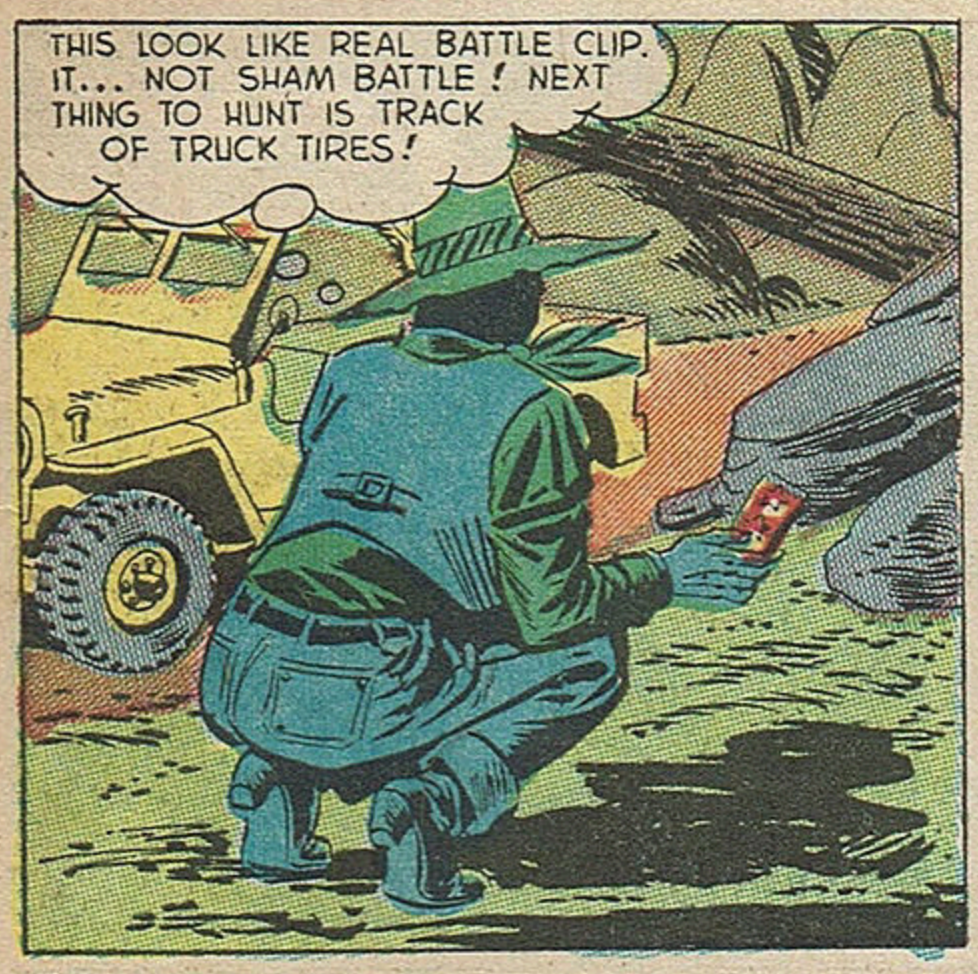
By the next day, the missing express truck had been reported, but even the local sheriff was dubious about it...

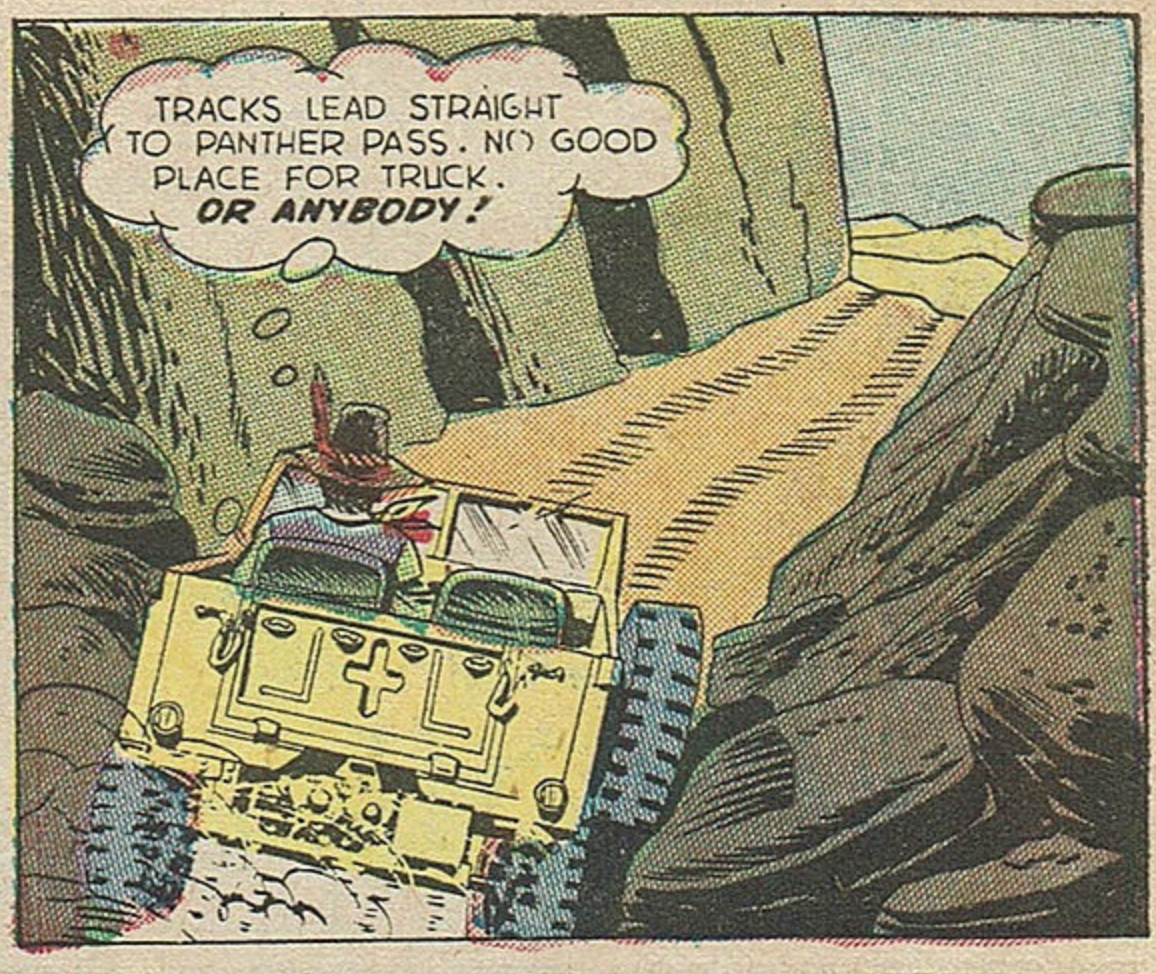
SORRY, BUT FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THOSE TRUCKS WERE ACTUALLY HIJACKED. STRONG BOW HERE WILL TELL YOU THERE'S NO OUTLAWS IN THESE PARTS!
FOR $5000 STRONG BOW WILL GO LOOK FOR SOME!
OTEL

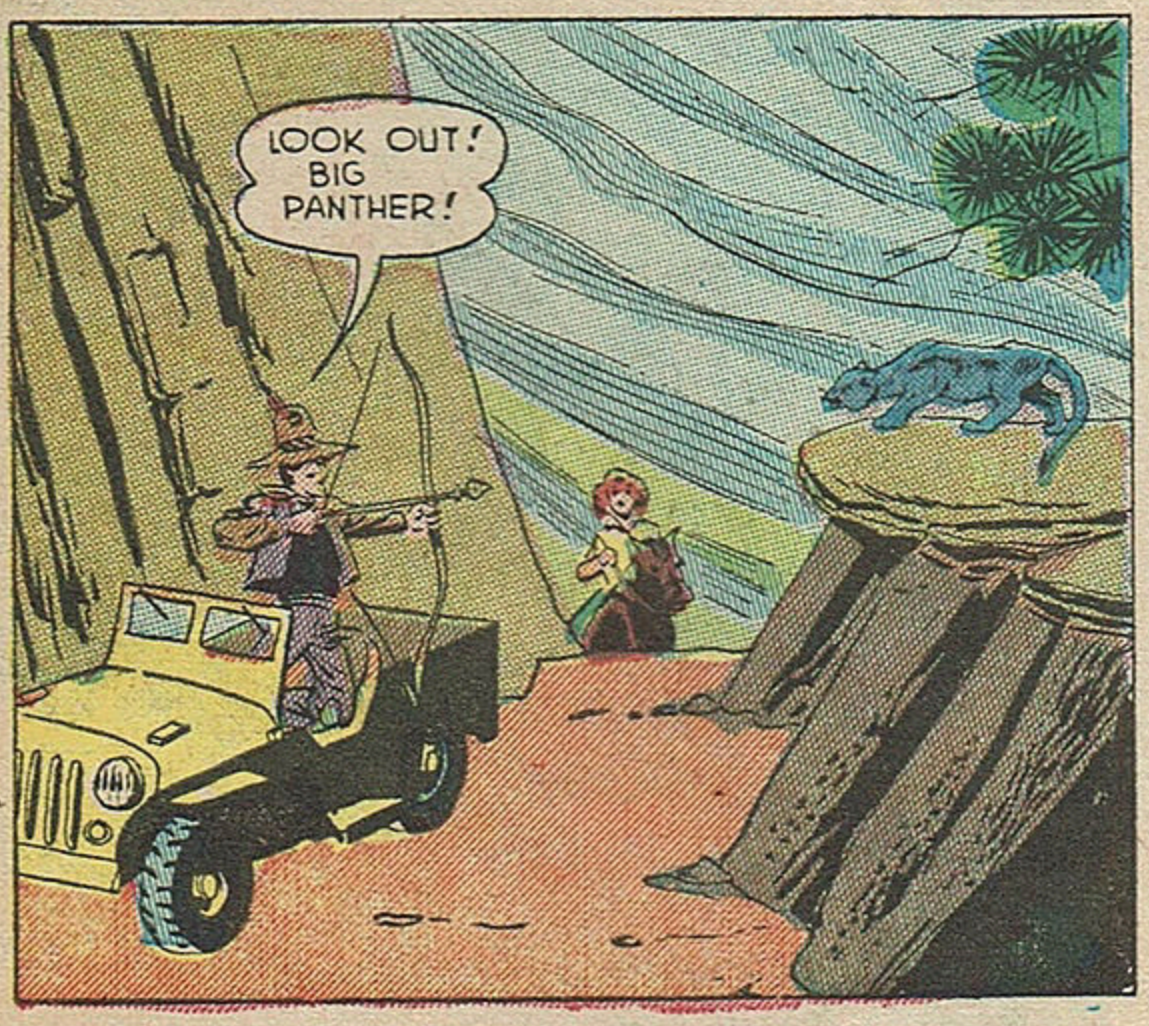


WE AREN'T INDIANS WE'RE JUST MOVIE EXTRAS, WORKING FOR G-M-G.
WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE TO SHOW UP FOR A SHAM BATTLE. IF YOU SEE THEM, TELL THEM!


HUMPH! MAYBE STRONG BOW BETTER LOOK FOR MISSING MOVIE ACTORS! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HELP!


THIS LOOK LIKE REAL BATTLE CLIP. IT... NOT SHAM BATTLE! NEXT THING TO HUNT IS TRACK OF TRUCK TIRES!

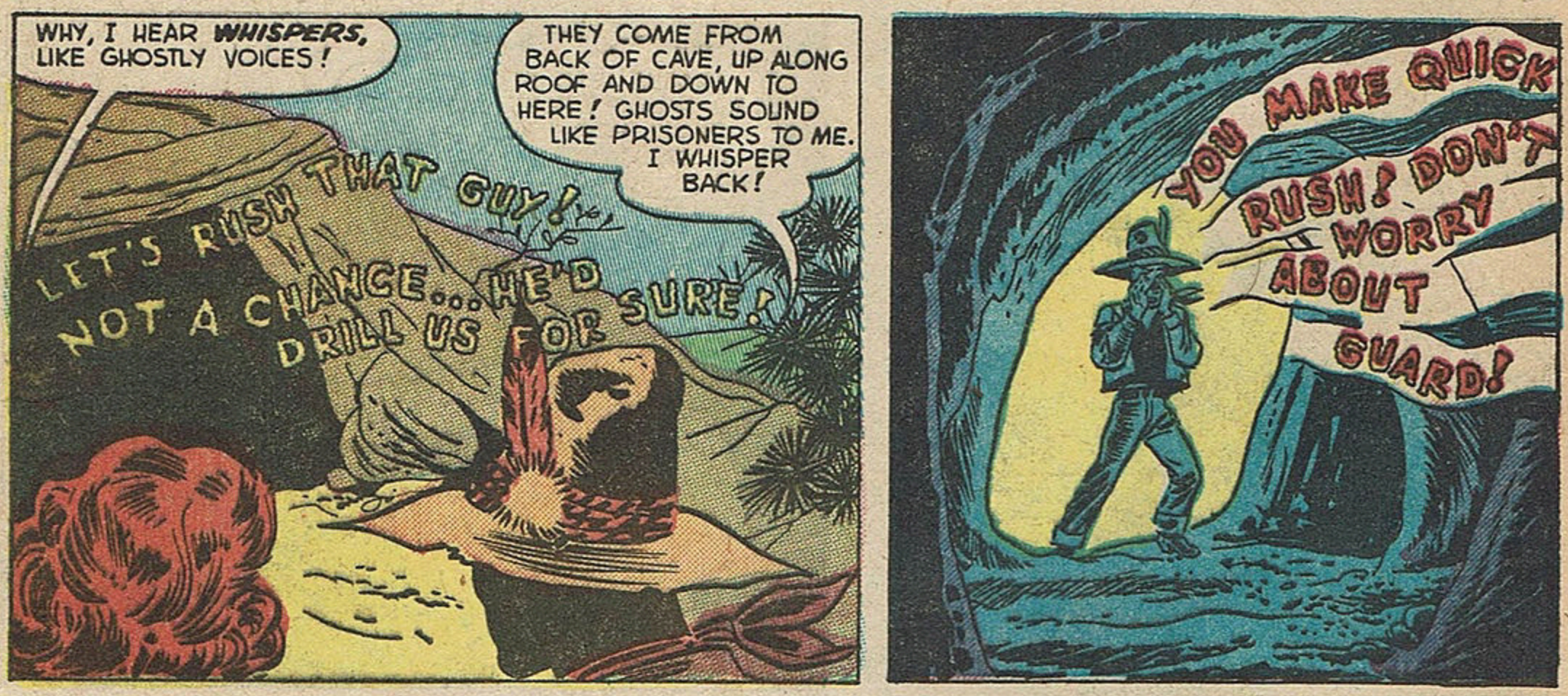

TRACKS LEAD STRAIGHT TO PANTHER PASS. NO GOOD PLACE FOR TRUCK. OR ANYBODY!

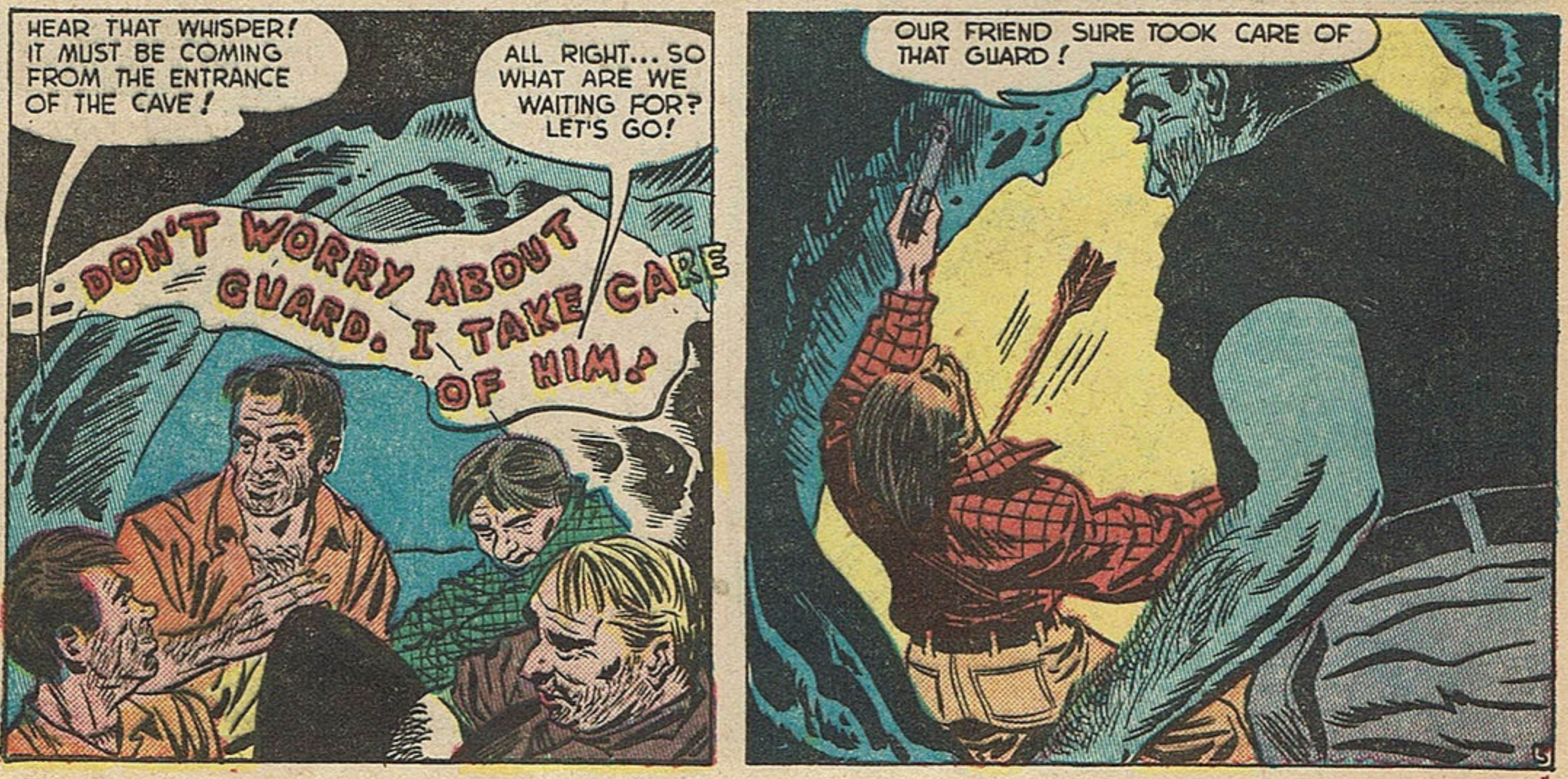

LOOK OUT! BIG PANTHER!

OHHHH!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

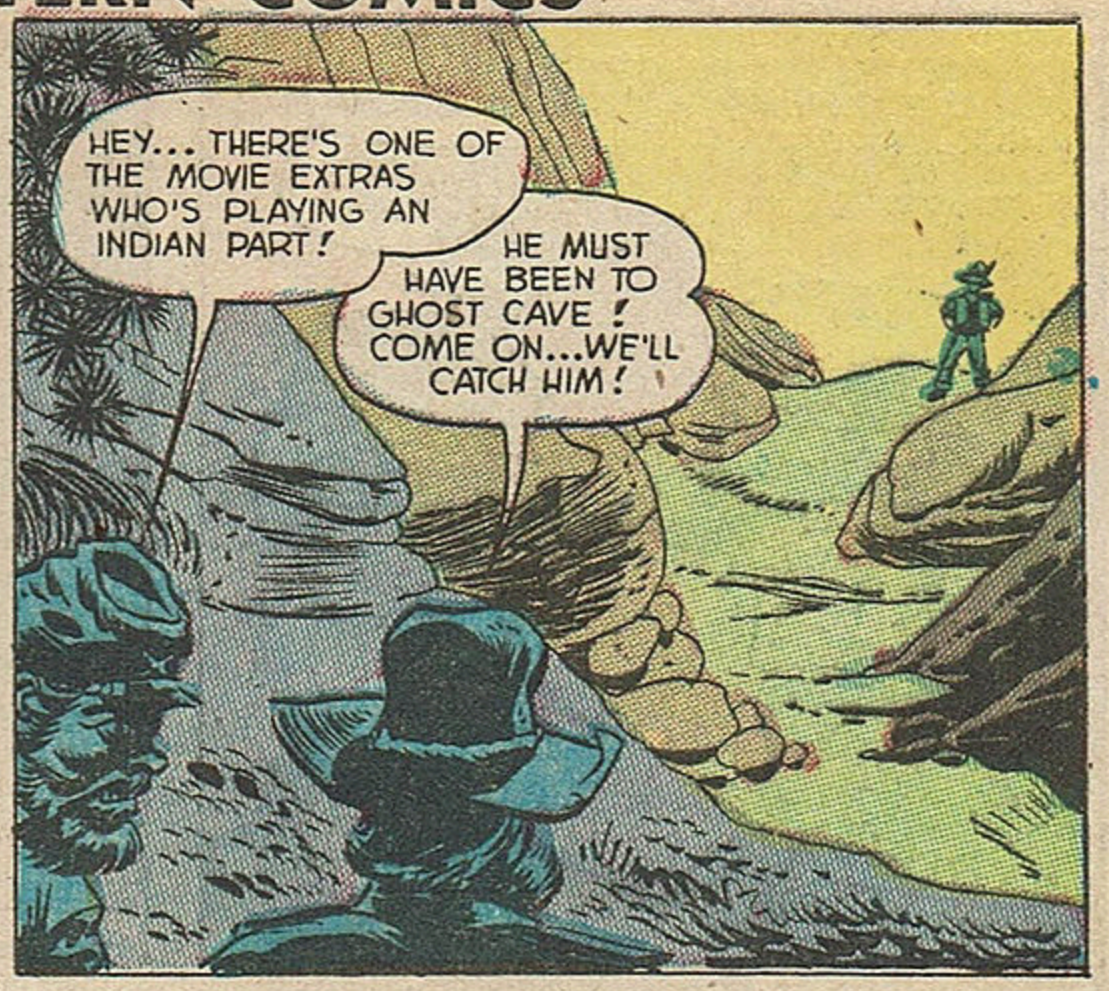
WHY, MILES RALSTON MUST HAVE SENT ME HERE HOPING THAT PANTHER WOULD ATTACK ME!
I FIND THIS WHERE TRUCK WAS HIJACKED!
IT'S FROM THE COSTUME THAT MILES WORE! HE MUST BE A HIJACKER!
WE LOOK FOR THEIR HIDEAWAY NOW. MAYBE OVER IN GHOST CAVE, NEAR HERE!

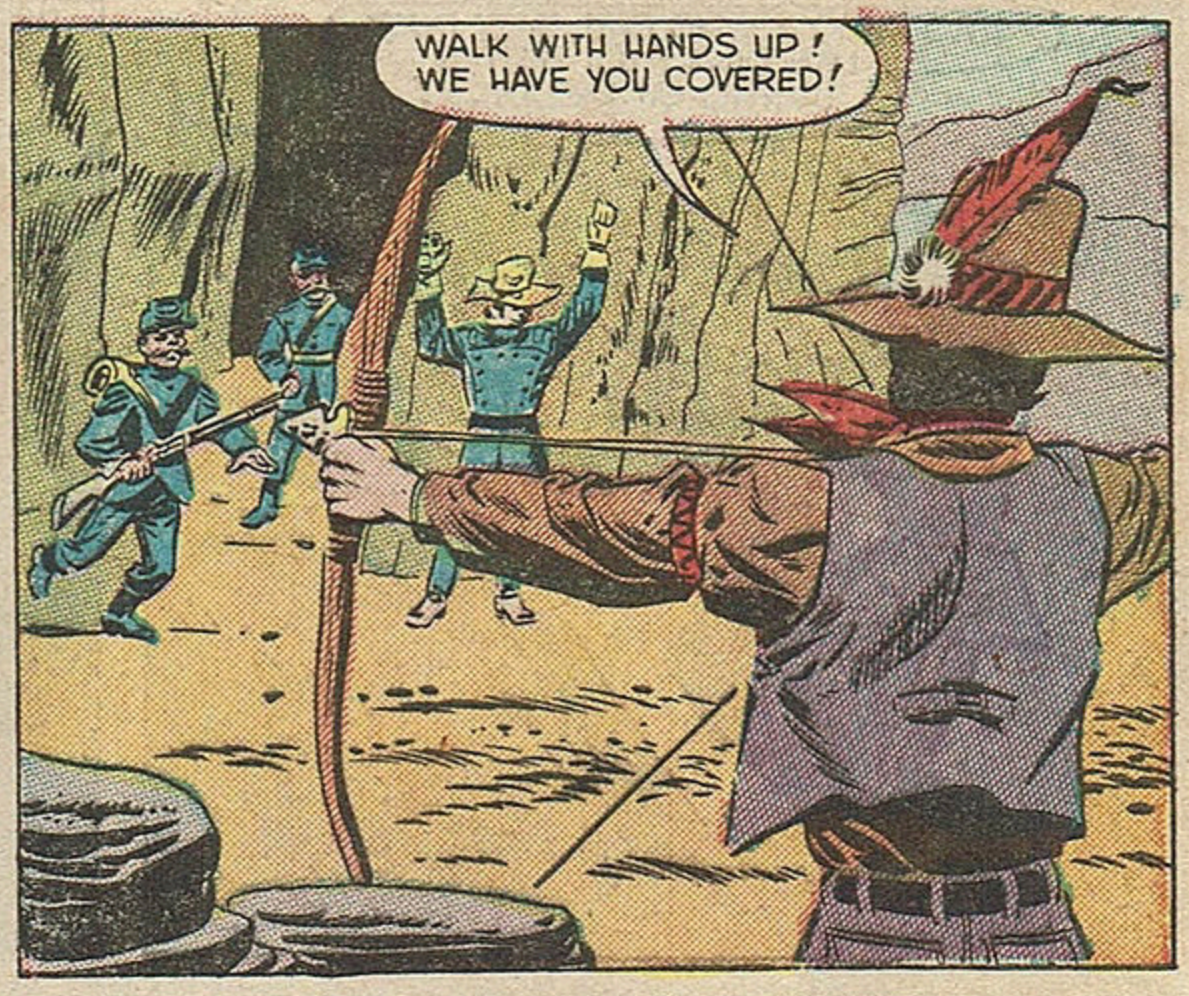

WHY, I HEAR WHISPERS, LIKE GHOSTLY VOICES!
THEY COME FROM BACK OF CAVE, UP ALONG ROOF AND DOWN TO HERE! GHOSTS SOUND LIKE PRISONERS TO ME. I WHISPER BACK!
LET'S RUSH THAT GUY! NOT A CHANCE...HE'D DRILL US FOR SURE!
YOU MAKE QUICK RUSH! DON'T WORRY ABOUT GUARD!

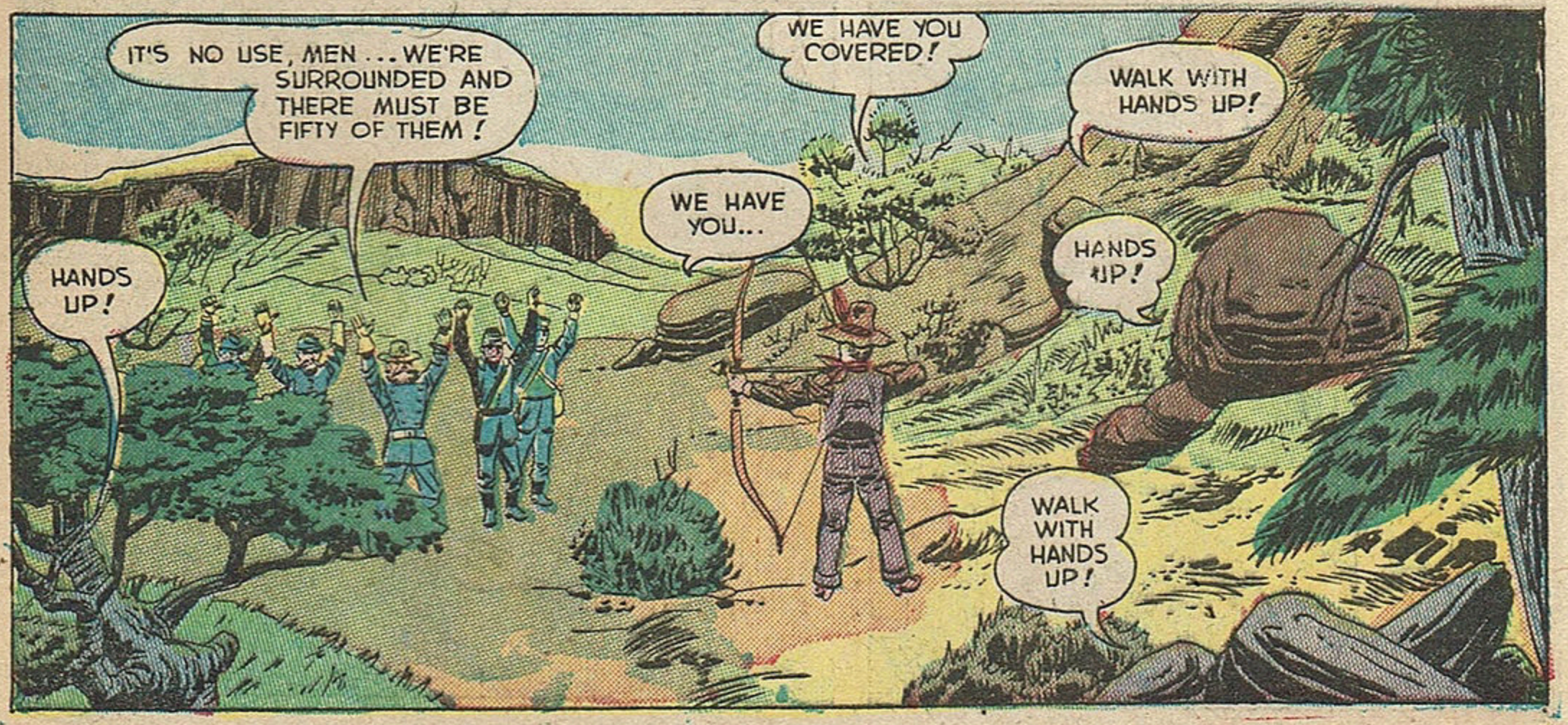

HEAR THAT WHISPER! IT MUST BE COMING FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE!
ALL RIGHT... SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT GUARD. I TAKE CARE OF HIM!
OUR FRIEND SURE TOOK CARE OF THAT GUARD!

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

STRONG BOW! HERE COME THE HIJACKERS!
HAVE TRUCKERS TAKE GUNS FROM GUARD. YOU LEAD TRUCKERS AROUND NORTH SIDE OF HILL. STRONG BOW GO OTHER WAY... DECOY HIJACKERS!






IT'S NO USE, MEN ... WE'RE SURROUNDED AND THERE MUST BE FIFTY OF THEM!
WE HAVE YOU COVERED!
WALK WITH HANDS UP!
WE HAVE YOU...
HANDS UP!
HANDS UP!
WALK WITH HANDS UP!

WHAT DOPES WE WERE! NOW THEY'RE MARCHING US OUT THE OTHER WAY... AND ONE FALSE MOVE MEANS AN ARROW IN THE BACK!

HEY, BOSS...LOOK AT THAT SIGN UP AHEAD!

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING ECHO CANYON

WHY, THAT PHONEY INDIAN! HE'S ALL ALONE! THOSE OTHER SHOUTS WERE ECHOS! TURN AROUND AND WE'LL FIX HIM!

STRONG BOW WING ONE, THEN DUCK LIKE DUCK! LOT BETTER THAN TO SIT LIKE DUCK!

THERE THEY ARE! GET THEM!

YOU BET WE WILL!

GOOD WORK, STRONG BOW! YOU MARCHED THEM RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS!

I FIGURE WE MEET COMING THROUGH ECHO CANYON!

I WAS FED UP BEING A GRADE 'B' MOVIE ACTOR...THAT'S ALL, SHERIFF.

BUT YOU COULDN'T MAKE *ANY* GRADE AS A HIJACKER... NOT WITH STRONG BOW AROUND. SO COME ALONG, RALSTON!

THE END